

59.05
GR

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1907

No. 1

GRAPHONOTES



"Tell it to the Graphophone"

Published by Commercial Graphophone Department
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., TRIBUNE BLDG., N. Y.

VOL. I

No. 1

Graphonotes

APRIL, 1907

PUBLISHED BY
COMMERCIAL GRAPHOPHONE DEPT.
Columbia Phonograph Co.
TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK

F O R E W O R D

THIS is a magazine with a purpose.
That purpose is dual in its nature.
Its first aim will be to spread the
gospel of the Commercial Graphophone.
Its second aim is to convince its
readers that the world is growing better.

The Commercial Graphophone is the best possible evidence of this.

The keynote of GRAPHONOTES will always be optimism. There is no room for a croaker in an office where fifty percent is being saved.

The Commercial Graphophone does that, you know.

Didn't know it? Well, just read that last paragraph again. Let it soak in.

GRAPHONOTES believes in the doctrine of cheerfulness. If you are a believer, you have no business wearing a long face. (Especially if you use a Commercial Graphophone.) If you are a heathen, the length of your face won't make so much difference.

GRAPHONOTES believes it is no crime to smile. If you are saving fifty percent you can afford to; if you haven't begun, our address is plainly printed on the outside cover.

GRAPHONOTES believes in directness and brevity. It believes in getting the thing done. It abhors sentences full of subordinate clauses. Its literary model will be Arthur Brisbane rather than Henry James. In making this selection it is not influenced by the fact that Brisbane dictates all his editorials, while James still writes with a pen, vintage of '66.

GRAPHONOTES will be issued once each month, if we can get time to write the "good stuff" as Elbert Hubbard (another Graphophone elect) would say. It will be free as the air to all Commercial Graphophone users. It may be had by those "who have not heard" if they ask for it.

The Soul In Business

A BUSY world! Here's a new one that's been sprung on an innocent public to put a little squirm into the Man Who Does.

A body of supposedly intelligent Massachusetts physicians, after five years of the hardest kind of work, have Tommy Tuckered the human body and found that we DO have a soul after all.

Think of it! The mythical something that is supposed, with Death, to soar to the upper or to the lower regions as we have played the game, straight or crooked, is really a something after all. The soul has been discovered, and Bless my Soul! it weighs the best part of an ounce.

NOW, will the blue-hued pessimists quit their growling?

Out upon those who say there is "no Soul in Business!"

The Soul IS! Let us take the word of these men from Massachusetts for it. The soul IS.

An item has been added to the list of things found; newspapers have given it scare heads and pages of free advertising, and the Women's Clubs have been given a new topic for discussion at their Pink Teas.

No time was wasted in putting the child to work. Even the Thaw Case, the Harriman Coup, and the Christian Science doings in New Hampshire were side-tracked for the starting of the Kid on his career.

But think of its weight—hardly an ounce!

Here's the stunt!

The cry is ever to put more soul into our work. It's certainly up to us to develop the little ounce affair hidden within us that we may have more soul to put into our work.

Let's at it! It's a cinch if we work it right.

Instructions for the asking.

The Commercial Graphophone

THE history of civilization is the history of recording thought.

In the Stone Age, there may have been poets greater than Milton. Their poems remained locked in their breasts, because it was a two weeks' job to carve a fourteen-line Sonnet upon their tablets.

As long as man was a simple creature, with few wants and able to satisfy these himself, the need for recording thought was not felt.

As civilization grew more and more complex, however, the need of communicating with his neighbor and with posterity became more and more marked, hence there is seen a constant improvement in the methods and tools used for recording thought.

The mallet and chisel of the Egyptian was succeeded by the burnt reed and papyrus scroll of the Roman. These, in turn, were followed by the quill pen, the steel pen, the typewriter and the shorthand writer.

Each succeeding plan displaced its predecessor because it was more rapid and more accurate.

The Commercial Graphophone is the last word that science and civilization have spoken on the subject.



MANY a man has had to borrow money to meet his payroll because he *would* persist in doing office-boy work.



THE world has a ready ear for the stuff that's worth listening to.

A BIT OF HISTORY

THE Commercial Graphophone is the parent of all talking machines.

It was invented in 1886. The place was the Volta Laboratory, in Washington, D. C. The inventors were Professor Charles Sumner Taintor and Dr. Chichester Bell, working in conjunction with Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.

The first Commercial Graphophone was operated by a treadle, similar to a sewing machine. The cylinders were made of pasteboard with a thin coating of wax.

One day a song was sung into one of the Commercial Graphophones. It was reproduced with remarkably fidelity. A new industry was born—the making and selling of musical records.

In the twenty years elapsing between 1886 and 1906, while thousands of Commercial Graphophones were made and sold, it was only in February of the latter year that a separate department devoted exclusively to the manufacture and sale of these machines was made a part of the Company's organization.

A new model Commercial Graphophone has been brought out. An alternating current motor (the only practical one in the world for Graphophone purposes), has been developed. A recorder that will register and reproduce clearly dictation given in tones just above a whisper has been added.

Other improvements based on experience covering twenty years' actual use have been made.



EVERY man has his weak spot. The wise guy is he who not only knows the location of his, but passes its office to a man who is strong at that particular point.

All's Well With The World

GOOD Morning! Did you land right on the journey out of bed or did you feel like kicking the cat from under the breakfast table?

Did the day open up with a Glad Hand feeling or did the world seem Frosty and hardly worth the effort?

It's a great place—this little world of ours—and the people, no matter how hard you knock 'em, are giving it the hammer marks that are making it better every day.

Pick up your morning paper and things look bad. That's a fact. There's a front page display of murders, suicides, wrecks, cyclones, scandals and divorces that would give a normal man the Willies. But do you know a newspaper is quite like a sweet and juicy orange. Dig under the surface of bitterness and you'll find the real stuff that makes the heart grow warm.

On the front page John D. Rockefeller is lambasted for playing golf and enjoying himself. On the next page we find he has unloaded thirty-two millions of dollars onto various educational institutions.

Andrew Carnegie has miffed the multitudes by denuding the English language of its frills and furbelows. The next shift of the sheet tells us that he's contributed ten millions to better the conditions of his fellows.

Russell Sage was twitted all his life for his unwillingness to buy more than one ham sandwich for lunch. In a cosy corner in the newspaper we find that Mrs. Sage has endowed a corporation with ten millions for the betterment of the poor.

Henry H. Rogers is ripped up the back with a hot pen for his extravagance in yachting exploitations. In Fairhaven, Massachusetts, the mention of this same Rogers is the signal for hats off, for

he has been kind indeed to his native town, giving it libraries, churches, schools and parks.

Mrs. Hetty Green is snubbed, because of her penchant for old clothes. But Mrs. Green is some-day going to loosen up and her barrel of Chemical Bank Coupons is to spring a-leak like a rain cloud on a Summer's day, showering gold and benevolence upon the multitude in need. Mark this down.

A great and glorious world, this, filled with goodness, happiness, cheer and kindly acts.

The chroniclings of wretchedness, misfortune, disaster and crime, though written large, are quite as pinches of salt. They make palatable, by seasoning, the good that almost overwhelms us.

All's well with the world and the goose hangs high.



Damp but Cheerful

636 Penn Avenue,

Pittsburg, Pa., March 16, 1907.

Mr. J. W. Binder,
New York.

Dear Mr. Binder:

Brevity is the order of the flood sufferers.

Water was three feet deep on first floor of store yesterday, and to-day

NO HEAT

NO LIGHT

NO ELECTRICITY

Nothing but business that can't be kept away by flood, and good cheer—that is our stock in trade and is inexhaustible.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) R. L. MITCHELL.

What the Commercial Graphophone Is

THE Commercial Graphophone is a machine.

It is a machine for recording speech.

Whether that speech be a telegram, a letter, a lawyer's brief, an oration, or a specification for a 10,000 H.P. Turbine Engine, makes no sort of difference. If you "Tell it to the Graphophone," it's there. Not a part of it; but every syllable, every inflection of the dictator's voice is recorded.

That is very interesting but it would be of little value if the powers of the machine ended here. They don't by any means. At any point in the dictation, by the mere throwing over of a small lever, the spoken message is talked back, slowly or rapidly, clearly and distinctly. It can be typewritten by any one who can take verbal dictation and knows how to operate the typewriter.

Did you get that?

Think what this means. You get to the office in the morning and open your mail. Don't lay down that letter after reading it. Answer it NOW while your mind is not encumbered with the problems that lie beneath. "Tell it to the Graphophone," and go on to the next one. Talk as fast as you like. Concentrate all your mental energy on the task in hand. Hammer the desk if you want to when you refuse to allow Jones 2% twenty days after date of bill. The Graphophone won't mind a bit and your letter to Jones will have added force.

Then, while your mind is still on it, dictate a memo for the accounting department summarizing what you have told Jones. Issue any other instructions you want regarding the matter. Clean it up at once. Tell it all to the Graphophone. Then pick up the next letter with your mental fibre as clean as a newly washed slate.

The amount of work you can get away with will surprise you.

Then, remember, you can do this at any instant, morning, noon or night.

We'll be glad to tell you more about this phase of the subject if you will ask for it. Our address, you remember is on the outside cover.



Growth Of The Business

THE sale of Commercial Graphophones has increased five hundred per cent. in the past year.

This means several things.

It means first that the rapid pace of American business life, *absolutely demands* a machine which will register dictation rapidly and accurately. This is the reason the biggest business men incline a willing ear to our seductive tale.

It is not so much the fifty per cent. saving of which we prate, though that is a siren-song which few can resist. It is not altogether because we show them that the use of the Graphophone will result in better, stronger and more natural letters, but what catches and holds the attention of nine out of every ten of them, is the fact that we positively increase *their* capacity for work. We enable them to "unload"; to do more work in less time; to do that work better than they ever did before.

What would you do without your telephone to-day?

The Graphophone will increase your productive capacity as much as your telephone.

Don't see it?

True as gospel. Couldn't explain that magnificent growth of this business on any other hypothesis.

If you want to be "shown" further, we reiterate, a lá Lawson, our address is printed plainly on the outside cover of this booklet.

Hot Shot From Peters

Let us now be out securing
Settlements from Trials Due;
Each counts one towards monthly Quotas
Close them quick! It's up to You!

Competition's mighty earnest,
Sales they make you'll surely rue;
Meet them with a Demonstration,
Show what your Machine can do.

If your prospect tries to do you,
Out of what your Work deserves,
Meet him Courteously but Firmly,
Show him you have Nerve not Nerves.

Be in Earnest, not too Serious,
Meet your prospect with a Smile;
Tell him "I can save you Money,"
See him Every Little While.

Don't depend on what Looks Easy,
Plans sometimes don't turn out well;
Work with the Determination
To close Sales "In spite of Hell."

When a prospect's Mighty Stubborn,
Always keep this Thought in mind,
Your machine will save him money,
If right uses you can find.

Save him Money—save him Trouble,
Save him Worry and Regret,
Don't give up because he's stubborn,
Show him! and you'll Sell him Yet.

Territories all are Putrid,
To the man who Effort shirks;
But the Worst Spot in the Country,
Yields Sales to the Man Who Works.

Big Things the Graphophone has Done

YOU have heard of Theodore Roosevelt. He is apt to "want what he wants, when he wants it."

Recently he had reason to believe that certain railroads were putting up a "cold" (not coal) deal on certain hapless communities in the west. He sent the Inter-State Commerce Commission to look into the matter.

They looked. They summoned some august railroad presidents and asked them if it was true that twice two made four? This happened in Chicago.

Down in Washington Theodore Roosevelt was waiting to know what the august ones had to say. Of course the Associated Press told him; but there are times when even their reports won't do.

So the Graphophone was called in. Testimony as it fell from the lips of the august ones was recorded in shorthand and when a book full had been taken, the reporters hastened to a hotel where they dictated their notes to a Graphophone. As soon as a cylinder had been filled, it was handed to a nimble fingered typewriter operator and before the august one had finished "refusing to answer" the thirty-second hypothetical question, his answer to the twenty-first was in type and ready for shipment to Washington.

The result was that thirty minutes after the hearing closed, all the testimony, upwards of five hundred folios, was on its way to our anxiously awaiting President.

But for the Graphophone, he would have received it at best in a week or ten days.

The work done was so remarkable that the Associated Press sent out a column story about the achievement.

We have had this story reprinted and will mail it to any one who cares to ask for it.

Sparks From The Manager's Wire

TO the men in the field: Many thanks for the splendid sales record made in March.



Now let's beat it to a pulp in April.



The sixth National Business Show held in Chicago, March 16-23 was a winner. The display of Commercial Graphophones was one of the finest ever made. The new CIB machine created a great furore.



Testimony in the Harriman hearing before the Inter-State Commerce Commission and in the Thaw trial was dictated to the Columbia Commercial Graphophone. In the former case a battery of machines was placed in two rooms in the Astor House. In the Thaw trial a special room in the Criminal Court Building was set aside for the Court reporters and transcribers.



The first Business Show in England will be held in London during the week of July 4-11. A fine display of Commercial Graphophones will be made by this department of the London office.



IF you're hot about it, and *must* relieve your mind, just tell it to the Graphophone.

Big Men Who Use The Graphophone

THERE are big men and *big* men.
The best standard to judge by is results.

Among the Big men in America, way up near the head stands George Westinghouse.

Here is a man big in stature—bigger in achievement. He is the head and front of productive corporate industries capitalized at millions. A pioneer in the electrical field, his monster factories may be found in every portion of the globe.

Here is a truly great man.

We wish to draw no misleading inference, but we are proud to state that in the daily conduct of this magnificent business in all parts of the world, upwards of three hundred Commercial Graphophones play a very important part.

Beginning with a small plant of six machines eight years ago, the number has been constantly increased and is being added to almost daily in some part of the globe.

The example of such a house is worth following. Men who are animated by the Westinghouse spirit are not likely to do things from sentiment. Machines and systems with them must “make good” or be discarded.

In view of the statement made above regarding the number of machines at present in use by the Westinghouse interests, we believe the question of the Commercial Graphophone having “made good” need hardly be discussed further.

If, however, there remains a shadow of doubt, write us. We’ll dispel it.

Our address, you recall, is plainly printed on the outside cover.



WISDOM is the Art of Worrying Less.

PAST MASTER CLUB

1 Madison Avenue

March 20, 1907.

Dear Jim:

I've just finished reading your skit in "Everybody's." It's well put together, readable and—morbid, old man, morbid enough to put a man's foot on the brass rail while he tosses off a large one in sympathy for the author.

Jim, old man, cut loose. Get the whine out of your talk or folks will cast you for the heroine in Domestic Melodrama.

Literary cusses certainly do the grandstand at Autobiography and their printed stuff makes Also-Rans of Seventh Sons, palmists, card readers and the whole bunch of fakirs who start at fortune telling. I could dope out your story if I didn't know you. But I do know you, and well enough, I hope, to hand out a bit of Real Language that may shift your course to the road that's right.

I was at the pen and ink game for years, you know, Jim, playing it in my cosy little home on a pretty slim diet, surrounded by joys and troubles as carefully blended as a can of Mocha and Java. A thousand times a day, while rattling around in my belfry for a word, a phrase or the wind-up of a sentence, a trouble-filled "Will I disturb you, dear, if I come in?" would stampede the joy of endeavor for the solution of some choice kitchen or nursery problem. The result was an amethystine atmosphere in my mint that forbade profitable coinage.

We were getting to the bad with the landlord, the butcher and the rest; the little flat was developing a warm spot for Tragedy, and 'twas up to me to find the way.

I hired a garret room on a quiet street where I could lock myself in and tied up to the wisest little Secretary that ever hit the pike.

There's no kick coming if I work twenty-four hours a day. There's never a hungry paw for more pay. No back talk to throw me off the trail, and as a Johnny-on-the-Spot, nothing else has even a look-in. Talk about carrying a Message to Garcia!

Get next to the Graphophone, Jim, and the drab, dank, dismal days you are writing about will take on the hue of a crimson rose. I know it, for I've tried it out.

Yours for the cheerful stuff,

BILLY.



THE man who spends his last cent on clean linen never goes hungry. Neatness of appearance is the greatest finder of the glad hand.



IN the matter of Getting There, there's quite a difference between the wasp and the turtle. And then again, there's Harriman and the man from the Bowery Bread Line.



CONFESS only to your inner self that the world could get along *quite as well* without you.



WHEN vocation and avocation get into a mix-up for first place, beware of the Road to Yesterday.



WORK, and your men work with you
Loaf, and you're marking time.

Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l

Sole Sales Agent for the

AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Offices where Commercial Graphophones are Sold

NEW YORK, 353 Broadway and 872 Broadway.
CHICAGO, 88 Wabash Avenue.
PHILADELPHIA, 1109 Chestnut St.
ST. LOUIS, 908 Olive St.
BOSTON, 164 Tremont St.
BALTIMORE, 231 N. Howard St.
CLEVELAND, Cor. Euclid Ave. and Erie St.
BUFFALO, 568 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 526 McAllister St.
PITTSBURG, 636 Penn Ave.
CINCINNATI, 117-119 W. Fourth St.
NEW ORLEANS, 628-630 Canal St.
DETROIT, 272 Woodward Avenue.
MILWAUKEE, 413 Grand Avenue.
WASHINGTON, 1212 F St., N. W.
MONTREAL, QUE., 374 St. Catherine St., West.
NEWARK, 10 Academy St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, 107 Yonge St.
LOUISVILLE, KY., 624 Fourth Avenue.
MINNEAPOLIS, 13 Fourth St., South
PROVIDENCE, 119 Westminster St.
INDIANAPOLIS, 48 N. Pennsylvania St.
ST. PAUL, 386 Wabasha St.
KANSAS CITY, 1016 Walnut St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., 111 Main St., East.
DENVER, 505-507 Sixteenth St.
PATERSON, N. J., 136 Main St.
ST. JOSEPH, MO., 718 Edmond St.
OMAHA, 1621 Farnam St.
LOS ANGELES, 347 S. Main St.
MEMPHIS, 91 South Main St.
ALLEGHENY, 103 East Ohio St.
SCRANTON, 228 Lackawanna Avenue.
PORTLAND, ORE., 371 Washington St.
ATLANTA, 43 Peachtree St.
RICHMOND, VA., 11 West Broad St.
SEATTLE, WASH., 1311 First Avenue.
SPOKANE, WASH., 412 Sprague Avenue.
CAMDEN, N. J., 200 Broadway.
TRENTON, N. J., 215 East State St.
LOWELL, 54 Central St.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., 986-988 Main St.
NEW HAVEN, CONN., 25 Church St.
OAKLAND, CAL., 512 13th St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 265 Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY, 327-329 South Main St.
LANCASTER, PA., 167 North Queen St.
TERRE HAUTE, 23 S. Seventh St.
SACRAMENTO, 823 J St.
TOLEDO, OHIO, 233 Superior St.
DALLAS, TEXAS, 315 Main St.
WILMINGTON, DEL., N. E. Corner 8th and
Market Sts.

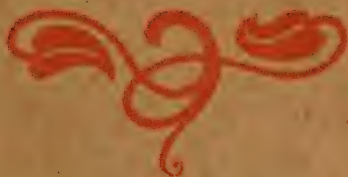
LONDON, { 89 Great Eastern Street, E. C.
 { 64-66 Oxford Street, W.

GRAPHONOTES

Vol. 1

MAY, 1907

No. 2



"Tell it to the Graphophone"

Published by COMMERCIAL GRAPHOPHONE DEPT.
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO. Tribune Bldg., New York



Graphonotes


Vol. 1 MAY, 1907 No. 2



Published by
Commercial Graphophone Department
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.
TRIBUNE BUILDING
NEW YORK

N E X T W O R D

The love you give
away is the only love
you can keep and
carry in your heart.

 HERE is a natural desire on the part of every man who aims at the "bull's eye" to know whether the other fellow saw him do it.

He likes to know how it looks to the man whose good opinion he cherishes.

Bobby Burns expressed it better than anyone before or since.

"Oh! wad some Power
The Giftie gie us
To see our se'ls
As ithers see us."

How *did* you like Graphonotes?

Did it strike you as the "real thing?"

Is the message of the Commercial Graphophone more real to you now than it was before you read the first number of "Graphonotes." Do you believe the world is growing better, that there is more good feeling and a growing spirit of mutual helpfulness in the business world?

Did you smile when you read our offering at the shrine of Good Cheer?

If you did we are happy.

Of course the Crux of the whole matter is this:

Have you begun to save that 50% by using the Commercial Graphophone?

If not, remember that there is still time and our address is still plainly printed on the outside cover. Moreover, we give a list of some of our important branch offices on the last page of the magazine.

When you begin to use the Graphophone you will begin to be happy and after a time, when the use becomes a habit, you will wear perpetually "The smile that abideth."

The secret of power;
Keep Sweet.

Don't delay, because delay means the postponement of happiness. Read what happened to the man who didn't use the Graphophone. He knows better now. It was printed in the New York "Sun" of April 14, '07.



"Tell it to the Graphophone"

HARRIMAN

didn't. A discharged stenographer sold transcripts from his note book—and the war was on.

Graphophone cylinders are shaved after the dictation has been transcribed and carbon copies filed.

Absolute secrecy is secured.

**Commercial Graphophone Department,
Columbia Phonograph Company,
Tribune Building, New York.
Telephone 5251 Beekman.**

The gratification which comes from success is the finest intoxication that comes to a mortal. But like all pleasures it must be shared to be complete

The Wise Ones Do

The Interstate Commerce Commission, writes Salesman McGee, of Washington, D. C., have about forty-three Commercial Graphophones, which are used in taking testimony in all parts of the United States. They send the operators with the machines to the different cities in which the cases are tried. They have found that the Commercial Graphophone is indispensable in getting out transcripts of the testimony with least loss of time.

Remember the other man's troubles while you are telling your own.

THE COLUMBIA SPIRIT

IN some ways the French have set the pace for the world.

They have a bunch of words spelled something like this: "Esprit de corps,"

I would rather have
a big burden and a
strong back, than a
weak back and a
caddy to carry life's
baggage.

The exact meaning is hard to translate into Yankee, but it is what Sheridan brought with him from Winchester, what Tom Scott put into the Pennsylvania railroad service, and what Edward D. Easton and his executives are spreading through the world-wide ramifications of the Columbia service.

It is the most powerful factor in the success of any enterprise or undertaking.

To the Columbia Phonograph Company it means much. Our company is represented by our own stores in over a hundred cities covering the globe.

That means a big business.

Our Company owns the basic patents under which all talking machines operate.

That means a lot.

Our Company's goods have won the highest awards in every great Exposition at which they were exhibited.

That means the best goods.

These things being so, is it surprising that everywhere throughout the service, from the office boy to the president, there is present at all times that spirit of loyalty, enthusiasm and determination which is doing for us what Sheridan's boys did to the Johnnies on the deathless occasion to which we alluded above.

"Vive, l'esprit du Columbia!"

As we do better work
we become better
people.



All the marginal quotations in this number are from the pen of Elbert Hubbard, the editor of The Philistine.

Here's Some Straight Talk

CHICAGO is not in Missouri and yet there are some people in the Windy City who want to be "shown."

The letter printed below is an answer from one of the largest users of Commercial Graphophones in the world to an inquiry from another big house who was seeking light on the "Fifty percent saved" proposition.

The language is plain.

Chicago, March 14, 1907.

Messrs. Wolf, Sayer & Heller, Inc.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Replying to your letter of the 12th inst., in which you make inquiry relative to our use of the graphophone for dictation purposes, beg to advise you that we have our institution completely installed with the *Columbia Graphophone* and the fact that our equipment consists *entirely of this machine* is sufficient indication in itself that we consider *it superior to all other types on the market*.

It would be a pleasure to us to show you our equipment at any time you call at our plant yourself, or send some one of your representatives who is posted on the subject.

Very truly yours,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.
Per W. H. Burnett, General Office Mgr.

The above great Mail-Order House recently gave us an order for fifty (50) additional Commercial Graphophones, 1907 Model, to supplement their large equipment. This order was secured in competition.




"The first requisite in education shall be to the end that the individual shall earn his own living."

The recipe for perpetual ignorance is: be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.

No man regrets the flight of time excepting the one who fails to improve it.

GETTING IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM

 HE man who is full of ideas and has never found out how to unload them instantly, is bound to find himself congested half the time.

Which means that half his most valuable work never gets done at all.

There is much to do
and little time in which
to do it.

His most precious capital is his *initiative* force—his *creative* energy—and every smallest mechanical act which retards the transcription of his rough memos into permanent form is chains and slavery to him.

Stenography doesn't fit his case at all. The mere act of ringing for the stenographer and then waiting two minutes turns off all the electricity. Even if the stenographer is always right there and ready—he cannot be unconscious of her frantic grabbing for note-book and fumbling for pencil and hunting for the first blank page; and as he can't think of two things at once, it's always the wrong thing he thinks of, those times. It's like the janitor in church—not even Henry Ward Beecher could keep the attention of his congregation when the sexton tinkered with a string to raise a window-shade.

Also the stenographer isn't made of wood and the busiest man in seven states can't utterly ignore her presence for ten minutes at a time while she is putting loose ends together; he is bound to realize down to the bottom of his feet that she is fidgeting.

Many folks of decidedly
less ability than you,
get along much better
than you. Perhaps
it is because they try
while you cry.

Often enough it's too much of a burden to get an idea or a string of ideas down on paper in cogent, logical arrangement while your mind is full of forty other things that need jotting down just as much.

Wouldn't it be a relief if you could just *say the words* that cover the idea as far as you have it outlined—and then forget the whole thing until you later found that spoken memo neatly typewritten, lying on your desk, ready to be weighed and sifted and sorted and rearranged and worked out

any time you got blessed good and ready ?

There you have the story of the economy and utility of the Commercial Graphophone as it fits the man of ideas. It has equal advantages for the man who must sled through a mass of details, who must carry on correspondence of any sort, who sometimes must do his dictating out of hours—in short, for every one whose time is valuable; but perhaps most especially for the man who needs to get things out of his system on the jump.

It is foolish to say sharp, hasty things, but 'tis a deal more foolish to write 'em.



NEW JERSEY GOVERNORSHIP

NEW JERSEY has a strong man in the Gubernatorial chair to-day. E. C. Stokes is a man who thinks rapidly and clearly. He talks convincingly. His administration will go down into history as one of the "finest."

Governor Stokes has his offices equipped with Commercial Graphophones.

"There," as Charles W. Post would say, "is the reason."

The next Governor of New Jersey will in all probability be Hon. William M. Johnson, of Hackensack. Put that down. Mr. Johnson has been for a number of years a National figure. In his native town and, in fact, wherever his sterling qualities are known he is loved and honored.

Senator Johnson also uses the Commercial Graphophone in the daily conduct of his business.

New Jersey is safe!

Responsibilities gravitate to those who can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how.



"By right thinking does the race grow."

USE YOUR GRAPHOPHONE

A retentive memory is a great thing, but the ability to forget is the true token of greatness.

DO you get everything out of your Commercial Graphophone that you might? Of course you dictate your letters to it; but that doesn't exhaust its possibilities. Dictating letters is only one phase of your business—a mighty important one it is true; but, still only one.

You know you can really use your Graphophone for almost every purpose you would employ a human amanuensis.

Do you make pencil memoranda, and litter your desk with them? Yes, your desk and your brain too?

Forget it. Tell it to your Graphophone and have the memoranda typewritten and brought to your attention by someone else when the matter covered by it is due for further attention. Stop trying to remember what your memo was about. Tell it to the Graphophone and forget it.

Use your Graphophone to record the particulars of important interviews while the details are fresh in your mind.

While the other fellow is still sitting by your desk say to him: "Pardon me, Jones, I'll just dictate the details of our conversation briefly." Then turn to your Graphophone and tell it what Jones and yourself have talked about. If Jones intended to welch on that price or the terms, he knows you've got him on record. It's a clincher on the trade.

Besides, you can let him listen to the reproduction and correct any detail which may need attention.

Try it; it works.



If you cannot have pleasant relations with people have none at all

Fra Elbertus says: "Where a machine can do the work better than the human hand, we let the machine work for us."

FOR THE STENOGRAPHER ONLY



ALTER H. BEDARD, of Atlanta, one of the handsomest salesmen in the service, contributes the following, which is sure to interest our hosts of transcribers:

"An interesting incident recently occurred to the stenographer of the Fort Wayne Electric Company, of this city. When our Graphophones were first placed in the offices of the Company she most decidedly refused to use them. The other day I had occasion to stop in there, and she smilingly stated that she would now, if necessary, refuse quite as decidedly to allow their removal. "Tickled to death with them," she expressed herself, and further told me that on last Saturday, as her employer expected to be out of town for a few days, the amount of dictation was so great that under ordinary conditions it would have taken an entire day to get through.

By the use of the Commercial Graphophone he was able to leave town on time, and also to grant her request for an afternoon's freedom. On Monday, during his absence, she transcribed the letters.

When placing machines with J. J. & J. R. Maddox, a wholesale grocery house, the stenographer stated that she was too nervous to use the machines. A brief trial developed the fact that they relieved instead of increased her nervousness. After two hours' use a severe headache with which she had started had entirely vanished. In telling me about it she expressed her belief that the relief to her eyes in not having to read her shorthand notes had removed the cause of both headaches and nervousness.



"If it were not for the prejudice engendered by ignorance the race would be much swifter and the reward would be a happier life for the winners and there would be no losers."

The meek shall inherit the earth, but the hustler will have the estate before the legatee can probate the will.

Complete success alienates man from his fellows but suffering makes kinsmen of us all.

U N C O N Q U E R E D

Some people would
like the honor of
having won a fast race,
but want to go
around the course in
a sedan chair.



AS anything ever written in the English
language which so well expresses it as
William Edward Henley's "Invictus?"

This poem is a favorite of President Roosevelt
and is frequently quoted by him. It is well worth
committing to memory and making your own.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever God there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and fears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

Mother nature is kind,
and if she deprives us
of one thing she gives
us another—happiness
seems to be meted out
to each and all in
equal portions.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

PERSONALITY IN SALESMANSHIP

PERHAPS the strongest factor in salesmanship is personality.

The Diamond Match Company makes matches; millions, billions, trillions of them. They are good matches. The heads do n't fly off. You can strike them almost anywhere

As a result, the Diamond Match Company sells more than seventy-five per cent. of the matches in the United States.

How did they get the business? Here's how. Trust? Yes, but that didn't get them trade; it rather drove it away.

Way up in Minnesota there was a man named Mason. His real name was Frederick Mason, but nobody suspected it. He was Fred to everybody. He was big in body and in mind. He was the National organizer of the Retail Grocers' Association. He made that organization one of the most powerful in America.

He had that mysterious something called personality.

He has it yet.

The Diamond Match Company heard about him. They went after him in the way large corporations have. They got him, but not until he had satisfied himself that their matches were as above described.

We heard him address several hundred wholesale grocers a while back. These wise boys had received stacks of letters extolling the merits of the Diamond Match. They had been visited by scores of salesmen, but when Fred Mason stood up before them, looked them squarely in the eye and told them the same old story, they believed and signed his order blanks. Why? Because Fred Mason believed in his matches and talked with conviction.

Personality counts 92% every time.

Small men are provincial, mediocre men are cosmopolitan, but great souls are universal

No good substitute has yet been found for simplicity, frankness, sobriety, industry and sincerity.

Sparks from the Manager's Wire

To maintain order
harmony and excell-
ence in the territory
immediately under
ones own Hat will
keep one fairly
employe.

APRIL was the best yet.

We'll have to hustle to beat it in May.
But we'll do it.

Fine race in March between Chicago and Pittsburgh for first place. Chicago won by a neck.

Study your prospect before you approach him. If he is a golf-fiend show him how the Graphophone will enable him to dictate his letters twice as rapidly. He will have more time for the links.

June, July and August are among the best months of the year to sell Commercial Machines. Our records prove it.

Billy Hamilton, of Columbus, Ohio, says he likes the Graphophone because it is always "Johnnie on the Spot."

W. D. Langsford, of our Boston office writes:—
In one Boston office a set of Graphophones, installed less than four months, have paid for themselves by the extra evening work in dictation given by one man. Twice as much time has been saved by their use during business hours. Their name on request.

Action will remove
doubt that theory
cannot solve.

C. C. Spencer, of Detroit, says: "The C A B Graphophone was used in reporting the Doyle trial." The Detroit "News-Tribune" of March 24, says: "Messrs. Giefel and Cochrane, reporters in the Recorder's Court, have installed three Commercial Graphophones which enable them to more than double the amount of testimony that can be transcribed in a given time. During the Doyle trial an average of 35,000 words were transcribed daily. When the jurymen were ready to hear additional testimony at 9.30 o'clock each morning, the attorneys had the entire previous day's testimony ready for reference."

Will H. Day, one of the best Commercial Graphophone Salesmen in the country, writes from his bailiwick, Cincinnati, of the unusual interest that is being shown in the Commercial Machine. He cites

Sparks from the Manager's Wire

as a case in point an invitation to attend a banquet extended to him by the Business Men's Club, of Sidney, Ohio, with request to make a complete demonstration of the Commercial Graphophone. It is, perhaps, needless to relate that Mr. Day was on the ground with the goods at the appointed time. Having enjoyed an excellent dinner and cigar he was introduced by a Graphophone user and made a highly successful demonstration of the new machine. Treatment of this sort inclines Mr. Day to the firm belief that the world is indeed growing better.

W. D. Chipp, of the Buffalo office, finds that one of the fine things about the Commercial Graphophone is that its use is not confined to any special business or a profession. It never tires of facts and figures—just needs a little oil occasionally—works on all days, and nights too, decreasing the office expenses and increasing the profits.

W. W. Parsons, of Chicago, perhaps the oldest Commercial Graphophone salesman, in point of continuous service, in the United States, and certainly one of the best, writes that the recent Business Show has left him with so much extra work that he can only say, "Hooray for the Commercial Graphophone and the White Sox." Both winners—and we know of no better spirit than that of the rooter.

Russell L. Mitchell, of Pittsburg, in spite of the flood, succeeded in getting second place for his office in March. Mitchell is an old newspaper man and is used to doing things. Graphonote owes its inspiration to him in a great degree.

Francis W. Downe, of the San Francisco office, writes: "Look out for the Pacific Coast." Downe has a reputation for making good. We expect great things from the Golden Gate.

There are all kinds of folks in the world—doers, gapers, praters, vandals, combinations and the dead ones. Are you a dead one?

Jehovah never did a finer thing than when he turned Adam and Eve out of the Garden, and said, children, get busy.



"Cut out the worry and live."

PAST MASTER CLUB

1 Madison Avenue

April 28, '07.

Dear Jim:—

Live so as to get the
approbation of your
Other Self and success
is yours. But pray
that success will not
come any faster than
you are able to en-
dure it.

Yes, Jim, I can understand what you are talking about. The servant question at home and the stenographer puzzle at the office occupied my undivided attention for years to the utter neglect of the business.

Yes, I know. It's not the big things. The word that's left out—the pencil point that breaks—the sentence that had to be repeated—the notebook mislaid—these are all small matters, Jim, but they delayed your correspondence for the day, then in the rush your letters went out looking like h—ll!

Jim, is the letter you sent me a specimen of the thing you're handing out to your correspondents?

Is this the glad-hand method you talked about at lunch the other night?

Is this the substitute for the spoken word and winning personality which has built up your business to its present magnitude?

If it is, cut it out and cut it out quick, old man, before it causes further damage: Jim, I know the way. I've been through it. Don't blame the girl. She can't do without food, she can't make the point of a brittle pencil unbreakable, she can't be at your elbow every minute of the day. But I know something that can and that's the Graphophone. If you tell it to the Graphophone there'll be no mistakes except those you make yourself, and I know that you're willing to stand for them, Old Boy, every time.

With some folks,
economy is the going
without things they
want, in order to save
money to buy things
they don't need.

It's the right panacea for tense situations. Try it, Jim.

Yours with more to come,

Billy.

SALESMAN OR SOLICITOR

HICH are you?

No difference! Guess again, kind sir. As much difference as between night and day.

The one a Commodore Perry, who, with hull and sail pierced at a hundred points, "has not yet begun to fight"; the other, a Uriah Heep, fawning and cringing, ever begging for favors.

The solicitor comes into your office with an air of apology for being on earth. He moves sideways to your desk and his every gesture is one of supplication. He says: "Please, sir, give me an order. Buy my goods as a favor to me and my sixteen small children?"

Maybe you do. You often throw a dime to a beggar or a crust to a dog. But in your inmost soul you despise both.

A salesman!

He knows himself, his game, and he knows YOU. He has never a doubt in his mind but that you need his goods. He comes into your office with his head up and his chest out. His hand-grasp is firm—you feel his confidence. His smile has warmth—his presence brightens.

He doesn't *beg* you to buy his goods. He gets you by your mental collar, and by a hundred well-chosen words, backed by confidence (which reacts on you), he COMPELS you to see the matter from his viewpoint.

You sign his order because he has made you believe that that is the right thing to do.

And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is. Salesman or solicitor! Which are you?



When in doubt do something anyway. Don't be a straddler and "going to do it."

If one does the best he can, he does well and should have credit accordingly. I think that is the way the Recording Angel will mark us—don't you?

Beware of the Grouch Habit.

Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l

Sole Sales Agents for the

AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Offices where Commercial Graphophones are Sold

NEW YORK, Columbia Floor, Tribune Building
CHICAGO, 88 Wabash Avenue.
PHILADELPHIA, 1109 Chestnut St.
ST. LOUIS, 908 Olive St.
BOSTON, 164 Tremont St.
BALTIMORE, 231 N. Howard St.
CLEVELAND, Cor. Euclid Ave. and Erie St.
BUFFALO, 568 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 526 McAllister St.
PITTSBURG, 636 Penn Ave.
CINCINNATI, 117-119 W. Fourth St.
NEW ORLEANS, 628-630 Canal St.
DETROIT, 272 Woodward Avenue.
MILWAUKEE, 413 Grand Avenue.
WASHINGTON, 1212 F. St., N. W.
MONTREAL, QUE., 374 St. Catherine St., West.
NEWARK, 10 Academy St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, 107 Yonge St.
LOUISVILLE, KY., 624 Fourth Avenue.
MINNEAPOLIS, 13 Fourth St., South.
INDIANAPOLIS, 48 N. Pennsylvania St.
ST. PAUL, 386 Wabasha St.
KANSAS CITY, 1016 Walnut St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., 111 Main St., East.
DENVER, 505-507 Sixteenth St.
OMAHA, 1621 Farnam St.
LOS ANGELES, 347 S. Main St.
MEMPHIS, 91 South Main St.
SCRANTON, 228 Lackawana Avenue.
PORTLAND, ORE., 371 Washington St.
ATLANTA, 43 Peachtree St.
SEATTLE, WASH., 1311 First Avenue.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., 986-988 Main St.
NEW HAVEN, CONN., 25 Church St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 266 Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY, 327-329 South Main St.
TOLEDO, OHIO, 232 Superior St.
DALLAS, TEXAS, 315 Main St.
WILMINGTON, DEL., N. E. Corner 8th and Market Sts.

LONDON { 89 Great Eastern Street, E. C.
 { 64-66 Oxford Street, W.





**“Lest
We
Forget”**

“Tell it to the Graphophone”



7.00
2 R

Graphophone

JUNE

Published by the Commercial Graphophone Department
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY.
Tribune Building Graphophone Floor New York City

Volume One

JUNE 1907

Number Three

Graphonotes



Published by the Commercial Graphophone Dep't
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.
TRIBUNE BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

JUNE WORDS

JUNE, the month of roses.

The very name brings before us visions of the country with its rose bushes green fields, winding roads fishing ponds, swimming pools and rest for the tired nerves.

It revives fragrant memories and calls up pictures that are pleasing. It was and is and ever shall be the month that warms and cheers—the month of gladness. How good it is to be alive!

Many a business man reading this will want to close his desk and get out among the beauties of Nature the Almighty has provided. In every human breast is the subconscious longing to get back to the soil. The simple life is the poetry of the business man's prose.

So why not? Why not jump away from the struggle of it all and relax?

Business? Well, surely that needn't monopolize your entire day. You have an account with yourself that demands at least a payment on account.

There's the Commercial Graphophone.

Know it?

Ever used one?

No?

Well, here's a tip that's good: Get one, use it, and your business troubles will vanish like mist before the morning sun.

That accumulation of letters that makes a slave of you will become but a memory of a dear, dead past. June will be the month of joy for you, for you can chop off three or four hours of every day, stretch out on the grassy grass and laugh while the world laughs with you.

Do it soon.

Time is the choicest thing on the list, and for the busy man of to-day, to save any of it is like putting real money in the bank.

The Commercial Graphophone saves time, temper, mistakes and office expenses. It makes every stenographer, a good stenographer

65-100
GR

GRAPHOPHONE: INTERVIEW: ORDER

HERE are two things which every salesman must do with every customer: get the interview; get the order.

Did you ever stop to figure up how much it costs for every interview your salesman gets—just the interview alone?

Did you ever stop to think how much time your salesman spends cooling his heels in the outer office waiting to see Mr. Busy Man, or how many times Mr. Busy Man sends out word that he can't be seen? Every hour your salesman spends in this way is a dead loss and a dead expense to you.

Did you ever stop to think what Mr. Busy Man is doing while your salesman waits outside? Talking to a customer, perhaps; talking to another salesman, possibly; but usually he is *attending to his mail*.

Here is a thought for you.

Mr. Busy Man may not give a salesman an interview from one week's end to another, but every day of the week he attends to his mail. What is more, he attends to his mail *first*. The salesman's chance comes afterwards—if at all.

The personal letter goes where the salesman cannot go. It has right of way even where the salesman can go. It prepares the way for the salesman. It facilitates his interview. It secures its own interview—and with certainty—at a cost of cents, where every salesman's interview costs dollars. It is the sure, unfailing, economical, up-to-date, scientific method of bringing your proposition to the notice of your customer.

The greatest aid in the writing of personal letters, is the Commercial Graphophone. Letters dictated to it have an individuality, force and snap which can be put into a letter in no other way. This is due to the fact that you talk to the machine in a conversational tone, at a conversational speed, with no holding back while a slow-fingered girl catches up on her notes.

"Tell it to the Graphophone." Get the interview. Get the *order*.

Napoleon for Yours



THE worst call down Marshal Ney ever got from his boss, Napoleon Bonaparte, happened in this way:

Ney had been told to perform a certain task. He looked the job over and returned with the report that the thing was "impossible."

Napoleon was only a runt for size, but on this occasion he looked about seven feet four as he turned upon Ney and said, "Impossible, Marshal, is the adjective of fools."

Marshal Ney went out and did the job.

Perhaps you need a Napoleon to hand you one like that. Nor would you be alone, nor would the hand-out do a bit of harm.

The little Big Man who cut his way through Europe; to whom nothing was impossible has been the inspiration of every generation since his day. His star will never grow dull.

We of this generation have our Napoleons. They are the men who have a goal to make, and make it. They are the men who "Do Things in spite of hell" and pull the ninety and nine with them to blaze the way.

Our Napoleons are our Captains of Industry under whose direction the world is growing bigger and better and brighter every year.

And if we buck it good and plenty, once in a while, when we buck at the Cap'n's quest for Garcia, let's turn the thing to our own account.

Let's call it that the Captain knows.

No stenographer can help but do your work to suit you when it comes to her on the cylinder from your Commercial Graphophone.

You don't have to depend upon some one stenographer who is "used" to your work, and does it to suit you.

THE MAN WHO WINS

(By J. A. Barnaby)

The man who wins is the man who does,
The man who makes things hum and buzz,
The man who works and the man who acts,
Who builds on a basis of solid facts;
Who doesnt sit down to mope and dream,
Who humps ahead with the force of steam,
Who hasnt the time to fuss and fret,
But gets there every time—you bet.

The man who wins is the man who wears
A smile to cover his burden of cares;
Who knows that the sun will shine again,
That the clouds will pass, and we need the rain.
Who buckles down to a pile of work
And never gives up and never will shirk
Till the task is done, and the toil is sweet,
While the temples throb with red blood's heat.

The man who wins is the man who climbs
The ladder of life to the cheery chimes
Of the bells of labor, the bells of toil,
And isnt afraid that his skin will spoil.
If he face that shine of the glaring sun
And works in the light till his task is done;
A human engine with triple beam
And a hundred and fifty pounds of steam.



John Bull

Introduces Himself

W. PIKE, Manager

Commercial Graphophone Department, London



THANK you Mr. Editor. We will shake hands across the Herring Pond through the medium of Graphonotes.

Things are moving this way. It is well for you to remember, however, that a breathless anxiety to adopt the latest methods is not the general characteristic of the business man in England. He dislikes getting out of breath about anything. He's built that way. The trodden paths are known and secure. New ways require proving. He does not set them at defiance; he simply doubts their value—and waits. You'll have to "show" him.

Yet he has a steady persistency, sound sense and a bold spirit. When he grips—he holds. When he moves—he arrives. He is a subject worth converting. When he is won the victory is a great one.

You are therefore not likely to expect a report like your own of an increase in sales of 400% in a year—that is coming. Just now we are engaged in multiplying witnesses to the value of the Commercial Graphophone—and we are multiplying them. Since the beginning of the year the number of machines in use has been increased by 50%.

The Commercial Graphophone is going to be right in the front at the Exhibition of Office Appliances and Business Systems at Olympia from July 4-13. Our plans are well in hand and the effort then to be made should "lift" the Office Graphophone into wide acceptance.

If once you let the right moment go
"You can never wipe off the tears of woe"
There will be no tears of woe for us.

A sign of the interest awakened in the Commercial Graphophone is the window display being made by the Monarch Typewriter Company, 97, Queen Victoria Street. A working exhibition is given daily and public attention is attracted to a remarkable extent. Boldly displayed is the announcement,

A GOOD COMBINATION

The Monarch Typewriter and the Commercial Graphophone

Sir Thomas Pink is one of the latest converts to the use of the Commercial Graphophone.

The unimpeachable demeanor, winning smile and choice vocabulary of the Commercial Graphophone Salesman is surely without precedent. He is establishing a new order of men. How else can his conquests of lady typists be accounted for! Perhaps Graphonotes can explain it.

We conclude our brief contribution with the hope that animated Sam Weller, Junr., when he disarmed his father's objection to the brevity of his letter by saying:—

“Not a bit on it. She'll wish there was more, and that's the great art O'letter writin'.”

When the stenographer gets through copying your work as the Graphophone tells it to her, she can—if she has the slightest doubt about any single word or punctuation mark—hear it all over again, and make sure, without annoying you a particle.

The Commercial Graphophone is bound to be an office essential every bit as much as a typewriting-machine. Why wait? A postal card to-day will bring you a Commercial Graphophone for free trial, with no obligation incurred.

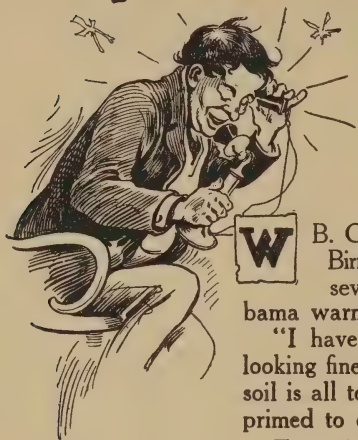
Work never killed anyone. Worry over it has made many a man do foolish things.

For our address kindly rest your eyes on the outside cover.



Sparks from the

Manager's Wire



B. GRIFFITH, the genial manager of the Birmingham office, under the date of May seventh, relieves himself of this bit of Alabama warmth:

"I have been plowing today. The ground is looking fine where the plow has been over it. This soil is all to the good for a rich harvest, and we're primed to do the reaping."

From Brainy Boston, W. D. Langsford, in true GRAPHONOTES spirit, passes us a few good ones, that are heavily charged with the proper spirit:

"A demonstration of the Commercial Graphophone not only interests all who see its wonderful work, but the enthusiasm of the most conservative is instantly aroused." * * "In these days of concentrated effort, to accomplish the most with the least expenditure of time, the Commercial Graphophone is certainly the greatest thing in the labor-saving line. It's a wonder, and the fifty per cent. claim is more than modest. Say, did you ever suggest to your stenographer that she acquire more speed in taking your dictation? Did she answer you with a charming, I'm-worked-to-death already expression that made you kick yourself back into second place? The Graphophone neither looks at you nor answers back."

George S. Murray, of the Kansas State Normal Schools, has passed *Cum magna laude*, his finals for admission to the Elect. He uses the Graphophone, and has this to say of GRAPHONOTES:

"I have read with keen pleasure GRAPHONOTES, which you sent me. I should think such

a little magazine would have a fine field. I am very glad that you have started it. Jam it full of good cheer—it's what we all need to *have* and to *dispense*."

Here's hopin'.

Seventeen per cent.!

That was the increase in Commercial business in April over March.

It was a record-breaker. Made everybody smile except the factory manager.

He sees his finish if this thing keeps up.

But he's game; he's got the Columbia Spirit. We told you last month what that means.

The credit and the glory belongs to the splendid organization of Commercial men in the field.

Many thanks. Let's do it some more.

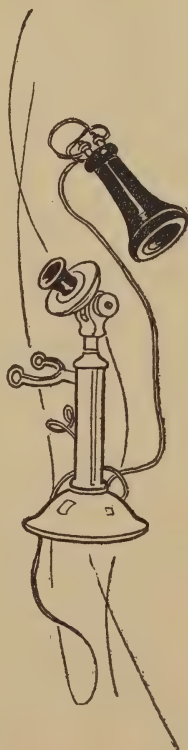
Who won out? Oh well! New York was a little ahead; but old Chicago came in a hot second and there were plenty of other strong finishers to make the race interesting to the finish.

The European General Manager, Mr. Frank Dorion, was in America for a fortnight during May. He says the Commercial Graphophone is making a great hit in "Lunnon." Manager Pike's letter on another page speaks for itself.

Mr. Will H. Day, who for a year and a half has been in charge of the Cincinnati Commercial office leaves on June first. His qualities as a successful salesman have won for him a responsible position with one of the great rubber companies. He leaves with the respect of everyone with whom he has come in contact. Success to you, old man.

W. D. Langsford of the Boston office was married on May 15th to Miss Edna Ester Newbauer. Mr. and Mrs. Langsford will be at home in Somerville after June fifteenth. Congratulations are in order throughout the service to the fortunate groom and his charming bride.

Our address is plainly printed on the outside cover.





I NSPIRATION is certainly great stuff. A bit of it with courage and determination as running mates, will put the man whose eyes are focussed right, onto the straight and narrow that leads up.

It is one of our pet stunts to pin the admiration card on the man who gets there. Hero worship is as natural to us as lifting the fork at the breakfast table. We are all in this great, joyful, strenuous perplexing game of life to do our little parts. That the world is developing right, is sure enough proof that those directing, Know How.

And they Know How—just mark this down—by the successes and failures of those who have gone before. Biography is a tonic and those creepy little chills that gambol on the spinal column at the reading of some great achievement, don't do a bit of harm.

We grow as we live. Evolution IS. The average man makes a good citizen—a valuable cog in the wheel that grinds the grist. But it's the man who *does* things *better*, who gives to the world some new, some better way of doing things, who really counts. He is the inspiration, the star to hitch the wagon to.

Who of us does not like to know just how he did it? And don't we find the nut full of the choicest meat when he happens to be the hero of the bare-foot story?

We love the man who towers above his neighbor; who climbs the ladder to the top, and, when rung after rung breaks on his journey up, and he still wins out, the heart grows warm indeed.

Who does not know the story of Franklin and his kite,—his struggles, defeats and successes? Yet who has deaf ear to any published word of this

great man? We glean to find some new phase of him, some new thought that shall inspire.

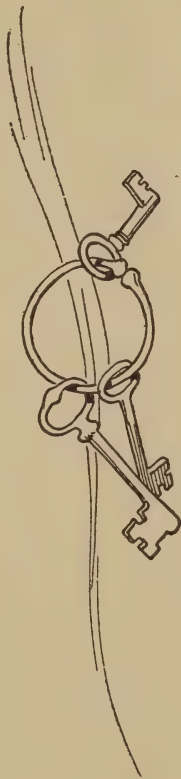
To the inspiration from this Franklin, we owe the work of Morse and his world-building telegraph. Franklin gave us Bell and the telephone. Franklin produced that giant of industry, George Westinghouse, who has electrified the world. Franklin has given us Edward D. Easton and the tremendous organization of the American Graphophone Company with its army of enthusiastic workers.

But not alone in the field of Electricity has been felt his influence. The world of letters owes its debt to the Philadelphia Printer who put into cold type choice nuggets of concentrated thought that will live to uplift until the crack of doom.

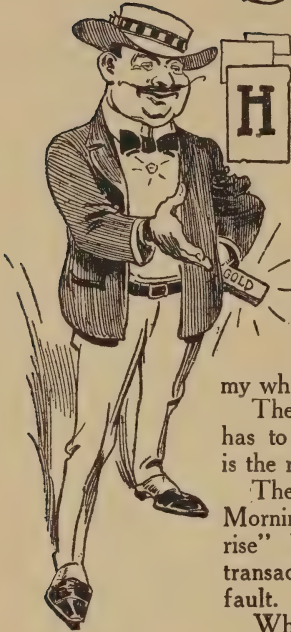
WHILE this inspiration talk is with you, let's take a look-in at one of the busiest hives of industry in this great country. Sears, Roebuck & Company of Chicago, have jumped from a desk room proposition to the largest mail order house in the United States. Time, ten short but strenuous years. How they did it, they know, but that they have taken every possible short cut, clipped corners and jumped roofs, is a sure guess from the fact that they have credited themselves with the Fifty per cent that goes with every Graphophone, and that means a good many Fifty per cents, let me tell you.

Sears, Roebuck & Company in a heart-to-heart talk with their neighbors, the world-at-large, threw this out and its bully good talk to let sink in,—
You can use it in your business:

"We teach the business world that it is not only good business to buy right and sell right, but that it is also good business to so conserve the customer's interest, to deal with him so uprightly, to serve him so satisfactorily that he shall seldom, if ever, have occasion to criticise the merchandise sent him or the methods employed in transactions with him. In short, to assure him that the interest in him and that which was sold him does not end when his money has been received and his order filled."



Substitution



HAVE you ever run up against the Substitution Man—the man who flouts the “just as good” upon an easy public?

What a foolish question!

I might as well ask if you were ever handed a lemon, for the Substitution Man, a fixture in every mart, is a genuine Burbank graft of a fruit stand and a hungry wasp. He is the man who would sell you paste for real diamonds if he dared: he might have scruples against officiating at the cold finger game or using a jimmy when the sleeper sleeps.

The Substitution Man is one of the things that has to happen—why, it’s hard to tell. But why is the rattlesnake or the mosquito?

The Substitution Man will give you “Jones’ Morning Blush” when you ask for “Smith’s Sunrise” because there’s an obese rake off in the transaction for him. That you’re stung is not his fault.

When Cain had his little bout with Abel in that ever so long ago, it was pretty clearly demonstrated that there was one best. Though times have changed since those strenuous days, the scrap game still holds. As then the best man wins, and thank you, the world is what it is just because of this.

Scraping, or, and this sounds better, Competition is a powerful something that spurs man on: that never allows him to sleep on his job: that, until the last ring of the bell, will keep him everlastingly at the stunt of bettering the accomplishments of yesterday and today.

Competition has set the standard high, and it keeps it high, so that the man who, in his chosen work is in the van, dares not to rest Content with his achievement.

His followers are many and the public that will have the best is wise.

One seeks a Tiffany watch, a Brewster buggy, a

Columbia Graphophone, a Steinway piano, and he seeks these because he knows them to be the best that brains can produce or that money can buy. Competition has compelled the makers of these to live up to the standard they have set for themselves.

He seeks, will find and will possess, though the Substitution Man with his "just as good" bang at his gate till his hair grows grey.

The Quakers Are Wise

A PUBLIC Service Corporation of Philadelphia with Ninety Millions of capital has been testing the "Graphophone that cuts the stenographic pay roll in two." A worthy competitor has had machines on trial during the same time. In a final test, a letter was dictated to the competitive machines in the same tone and on the same cylinder. Six stenographers were called into the office to decide which letter they took the more clearly, naturally and satisfactorily. The girls did not know on which machine the dictation had been given, but all selected as decidedly preferable that of the Columbia.

Occasionally the fair girl stenographer of Philadelphia rebels against the installation of the Commercial Graphophone, but she soon realizes that it increases her capacity for work, makes her more valuable to her employer and thereby usually increases her salary. In a large office this month, four machines were installed on trial. The girls did not want them, would not try them and no progress was being made until we brought in a girl who had had some experience on the Commercial Graphophone. In two days she was doing nearly as much as three girls ordinarily accomplished by the stenographic method. It is needless to say that the girls who had been working for the company got busy and are now getting out almost double the work they were a week ago and are rapidly catching up on their work which had fallen behind several months. *Hail to the Commercial Graphophone.*

You don't have to wait to get a stenographer. Your Commercial Graphophone is always ready.



Fifty Per Cent Club

115 Nassau Street

MAY 15, 1907.



MY DEAR JOHN,

Your letter reads like a message from Mars.

You've certainly got something coming to you that you can't buy if you don't watch out. And I'll make a sure guess that it will be a big brick building with a high wall around it—Johnny on the inside with paper dolls and choo choo cars.

You can't work night and day, John, and wear pink cheeks and a smooth forehead. You simply *can't*. Your nerves mark time for that business builder of yours and are of hot house tenderness. They're worth more to you than you'll ever make if you live to be a hundred, so it's up to you to put the governor on 'em and set it right.

"I'm working like a barrel of hops," you write, "and am always behind the game. Work? There's a bunch of letters in front of me like a Down East snow drift, and not a soul to help me out."

It's a swell piece of luck, to have the work—if there's any money in it—and I'm glad you're getting next, but on the level, Johnny boy, you're to the bad in your way of doing things or that snow drift would never have been built.

In the days of tallow dips and kerosene lamps, when folks went to work with lanterns and took a night off once a week for prayer meetin', the game you're playing was right and proper, but as Poe made the Raven say, "Nevermore."

The grey matter of the past three generations

has been focussed on the proposition of equipping the world with labor-saving time clippers, and there's been no sleeping on the job. Your stunt, as sure as the world, is to get next to the good things of your generation. Learn that the Easy Way to do things is by elimination.

You're up in the air over your correspondence, and may as well hang out the Nothin' Doin' sign for there's nothing on the list that puts a man on the blink with his customers and friends like inattention to inquiries. You know this, John, and it's giving you the Willies.

But *do* you know that in half the time it takes you to sift out the "important" and "urgents" you could go through that snow drift of yours like a dose of hot sun, by using the Graphophone, the wisest little time and trouble saver that ever cheered the heart and fattened the bank account of the busy business man? Do you know this John? If not, take it from me that it's the one thing you need to send your troubles, bottled, to the back of the shelf.

Yours, for the golden gold,

BILLY.

More Warmth from Peter's Pen

It will not hurt you to believe in luck as long as you do not rely upon it. If a belief in good luck will make you optimistic, cheerful and aggressive, cling to it, but do not forget to dig while you cling. If you cannot both hold on and dig, turn loose and dig with both hands. You would better keep hustling with your heart full of pessimism and discouragement than to sit supine with your soul full of optimism and cheerfulness. It is permissible to believe in luck, but it is fatal to depend upon it. Luck, the optimist, lends hope to persevering pluck, and working together they constitute an invincible team, but pluck must do all the work and be satisfied to let luck travel on a pass. Believe in your self and your good fortune. Do not permit the unkind fates to shake your self-confidence; but keep busy while you believe, and hustle while you hope.

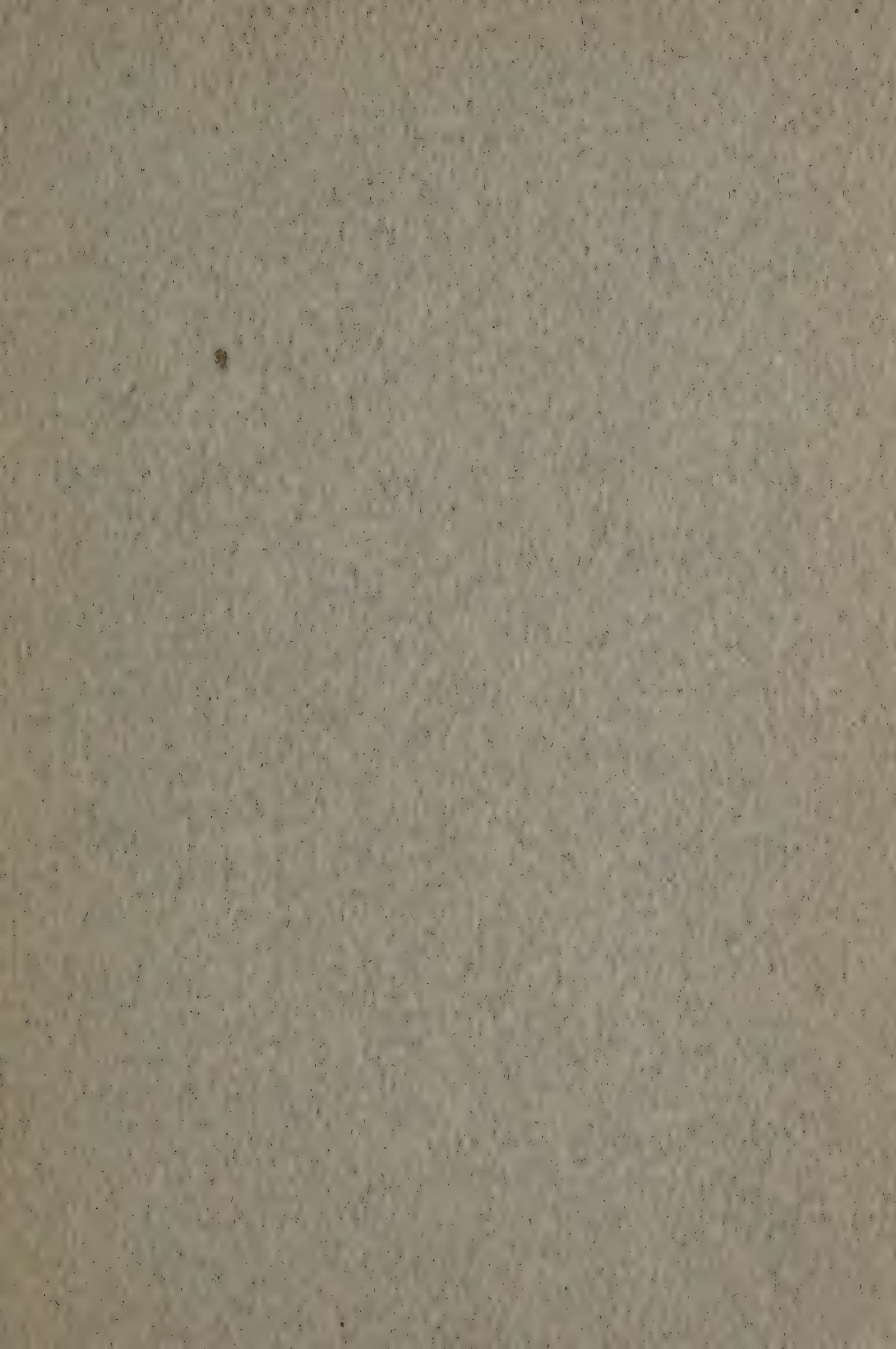


Columbia Phonograph Company Gen'l

Sole Sales Agents for the
AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

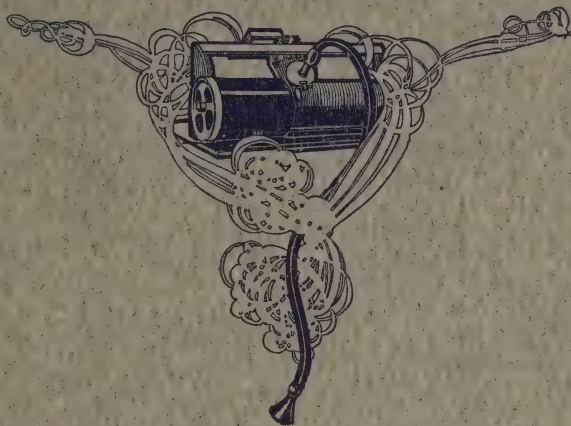
Offices where Commercial Graphophones are Sold

NEW YORK,	Columbia Floor, Tribune Building
CHICAGO,	88 Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA,	1109 Chestnut St.
ST. LOUIS,	908 Olive St.
BOSTON,	164 Tremont St.
BALTIMORE,	231 N. Howard St.
CLEVELAND,	Cor. Euclid Ave. and Erie St.
BUFFALO,	568 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO,	526 McAllister St.
PITTSBURG,	636 Penn Ave.
CINCINNATI,	117-119 W. Fourth St.
NEW ORLEANS,	628-630 Canal St.
DETROIT,	272 Woodward Avenue
MILWAUKEE,	413 Grand Avenue
WASHINGTON,	1212 F. St., N. W.
MONTREAL, QUE.,	374 St. Catherine St., West.
NEWARK,	10 Academy St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO,	107 Yonge St.
LOUISVILLE, KY.,	624 Fourth Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS,	13 Fourth St. South.
INDIANAPOLIS,	48 N. Pennsylvania St.
ST. PAUL,	386 Wabasha St.
KANSAS CITY,	1016 Walnut St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,	111 Main St., East.
DENVER,	505-507 Sixteenth St.
OMAHA,	1621 Farnam St.
LOS ANGELES,	347 S. Main St.
MEMPHIS,	91 South Main St.
SCRANTON,	228 Lackawana Avenue
PORTLAND, ORE.,	371 Washington St.
ATLANTA,	43 Peachtree St.
SEATTLE, WASH.,	1311 First Avenue.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,	986-988 Main St.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.,	25 Church St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,	266 Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY,	327-329 South Main St.
TOLEDO, OHIO,	232 Superior St.
DALLAS, TEXAS,	315 Main St.
WILMINGTON, DEL.,	N. E. Corner 8th and Market Sts.
LONDON	
89 Great Eastern St. E. C.	64-66 Oxford St. W.





GRAPHONOTES



JULY

Published by the Commercial Graphophone Department
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
Tribune Building Graphophone Floor New York City

Volume One

JULY 1907

Number Four

GRAPHONOTES



Published by the Commercial Graphophone Dept.
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.
TRIBUNE BUILDING NEW YORK CITY.

July Words

July is a great month.

It was named after Julius Caesar; a great man.

It saw a knot tied in the tail of the British Lion, a great achievement.

It witnessed the birth of America, the greatest nation on the earth.

Listen

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead;
Who hath not to himself yet said,
This is my own, my native land?"

If such there breathes, go mark him well,
And if to thee he tries to tell
A pessimistic tale of woe;
Turn quick about and to him cry,
Go back, sit down, Juli, Juli."

Surely a month that can boast of the three achievements mentioned above, and which can inspire poetry (not verse, mark you) like the foregoing, is "hot stuff".

The key word of the month seems to be "Independence".

This is true not alone in a political sense but it applies equally well to business.

One who is independent, comes and goes when he likes, is free and subject to none.

Mr. Business-man, are you independent or are you chained to your desk by a mass of detail, unfinished work, accumulated correspondence—what not?

If so, the Congress of Emancipated Executives, in session assembled, after mature deliberation, does establish and ordain that in order to properly obtain and enjoy the blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, they will, individually, collectively, now and forever, one and inseparably.

"TELL IT TO THE GRAPHOPHONE."



Growth of the Game

The barometer of the Talking Machine business is the "Talking Machine World." The publishers have their fingers on the pulse of the trade and they "speak by the book."

In the June issue, before us is the following significant story:

"The growth in popularity of the commercial talking machine among business men is surpassing all expectations, and the sales during the past twelve months have increased 500 per cent. It is a well-known fact that the ordinary stenographer in a business office does not take on an average of more than ninety words a minute.

"Nearly every man who dictates can think faster than the stenographer can write short-hand, so he has to hold back. In dictating to a talking machine there is no time wasted, no interruption to his thought, because the machine goes right ahead at any pace he can set.

"The reporters of debates in the House of Congress have for years read their shorthand notes into commercial "talkers", from which they are written out on typewriters. Court reporters have also been using machines in this way with great success. Commercial talking machines cost less than typewriters of standard makes, and it is not impossible that the tremendous increase in their sale in the last year is the beginning of a business campaign which will make them as common as typewriters."

Surest thing you know, brother, and the Commercial Graphophone is the machine that will do the trick.

"I hate these mechanical appliances," said a certain man recently, "They are degrading." Poor fellow. Why on earth does he use a knife and fork and a hundred and one other things which differentiate him from the barbarian.



Maintain Your Standard

One of the greatest manufacturing concerns on Earth the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, uses the single word, "Westinghouse" in its advertising, to describe the guarantees under which millions of dollars worth of its product is sold.

And it is all that is needed. Whenever that name appears upon a piece of machinery, it goes without saying that it is the best that can be made.

It is characteristic of the man who founded the great enterprise, George Westinghouse, to set a high standard for the product of his monster mills. It is also characteristic of the man that he insists on the rigid maintenance of that standard at any cost.

There are no "seconds" in the Westinghouse business.

There is a scrap heap and there are blank spaces on their payroll. These spaces represent the men who are responsible for the scrap heap. They don't last.

The above has a lesson for everyone whatever he be—manufacturer, broker, salesman or office-boy.

Set for yourself a Westinghouse Standard and maintain it.

If you make a mistake, scrap it and begin again, resolved to profit by the experience.

And remember, that too many mistakes mean a blank space on the payroll.

The Policy of Graphonotes is not to steal one's thunder.

That is what we inadvertently did in the June issue in reprinting an excellent story about "Luck" without crediting "Spare Moments" from which it was taken.

Many thanks, "Spare Moments."

If your editor doesn't use the Graphophone in his daily business, we can tell him of a way which will increase his spare moments fifty per cent.

We dare you to ask us!



Straighten Up

Is your system lacking tone?
Is your energy 'most gone?
Put some nerve in your backbone
And straighten up.

Get up mornings feeling blue?
Tough and achey through and through?
Say! I'll tell you what to do:
Just straighten up!

If you fail where you should win
Do not think of giving in.
Square your shoulders! Lift your chin
And straighten up.

Are you weary all the time?
Rather go down hill than climb?
Catch the spirit of this rhyme
And Straighten up.

Straighten up! Begin today!
Get to work without delay.
Trust in God and you can stay
Straightened up.

Selected



Enthusiasm is Bankable

The Editor of Graphonotes is an Enthusiast. Everyone who has ever come within ten feet of him knows this.

The rest can take our word for it.

In all talks to and with new or prospective salesmen, we always strive to impress upon them the necessity of enthusiasm for the game of selling Commercial Graphophones.

Recently, in talking to the Sales Manager of one of the big typewriter concerns about this quality of enthusiasm, the remark was made that Enthusiasm, while useful, was not *the* thing.

"No one" said the Sales Manager, "Will lend you money on it."

He was wrong. Here's the proof.

The man's name was O'Hagan.

He was a German --- perhaps.

O'Hagan had five thousand dollars and wanted to float an enterprise that required one hundred thousand dollars.

He had some prettily engraved stock certificates and a safe full of roseate prospects.

He had an appointment with three men of finance—one a banker. He brought his certified check for \$5000. signed by the banker's cashier, and he modestly asked the bunch to hand him out in exchange for his stock certificates and *ros. pros.* the needful \$95,000.

He got the money!

How did he do it?

The private Secretary who was present to look after the details of the transaction provided there were any, tells it this way:

"O'Hagan told what he wanted in a plain, direct way. The bunch, aside from my boss (the banker) was exceedingly frosty. No wonder, five thousand on ninety-five thousand, is pretty bum margin.

They asked him to tell them something more about his plans and the business.



O'Hagan asking for money was out of his element. He was not at home. O'Hagan telling about his machine and selling it (that was to be the business) was quite a different proposition. In that game he had that bunch of money brokers nailed to the post and before he had talked two minutes, he had them sitting up and blinking their eyes.

His sentences were short; his words of one syllable, generally. His whole manner breathed absolute conviction that his machine was the greatest on earth; that it was needed by every business house. When he got through in about twenty minutes, he had them all convinced that just as soon as he got started selling it there would be a general stampede to buy.

His enthusiasm won, and it was his best, in fact, his only collateral.

Don't you believe that Enthusiasm isn't good at the bank!

GRAPHONOTES regrets to record the death, on May sixteenth, of William E. Bond, for fourteen years a director of the American Graphophone Company.

On the Board of Directors of this Company, Mr. Bond was always one of the firmest friends of the Commercial Department, and his personality was such that he impressed his spirit on his associates so that, "while he is dead, he yet speaketh."

On Prices



This company has a price list. It is based on the cost of the goods. Cost is the actual material and labor cost, the overhead charges, the transportation expense, cost of selling and a fair profit. All the cost items on Columbia Graphophones and other products are as low as the largest, oldest and best managed plant and company in the world can keep them, and at the same time turn out the highest quality product, present it through convenient stores and guarantee it.

Therefore we never cut prices. We can't. When competitors do, in an effort to break into our territory, we refuse to meet them on this point. We sell more goods in our line than any other concern in the world solely on this one count, "The best goods it is possible to make and sell at a fair price."

The firm which cuts prices doubts itself and its goods. When one in looking for selling points, counts price as one, it's a safe bet that the other selling points are weak or entirely lacking.

The most reliable firms—those handling the best goods, are always "one price" houses. Right minded people prefer to deal with the merchant whose goods are plainly marked. If a firm for no good reason offers you a discount on an article and you buy, you will not be satisfied. You will always have a sneaking suspicion that Jones or Smith got more discount on the same goods. You feel that you have been sized up and worked for all you will pay. You realize that the goods were not marked at their value and you wonder, even with your discount, how much water is left in the price.

The nation or firm which begins to back down in competition, (even in prices) knows its weakness and has good reason to fear its competitors.

When a nation, a firm, or an individual begins to back down, to crawl, the descent doesn't stop when they become second rate. It goes on with an even faster fall. History is made up of confirming instances.

Graphophone in Skibo Kasl

Andrew Carnegie is a believer in time-saving devices, hence his advocacy of fonetic spelling.

If this system had been in vogue from the time the art of recording speech began, the time saved in writing business letters would have dug several Panama Canals.

The Commercial Graphophone has long since been adopted for the conduct of Mr. Carnegie's voluminous personal correspondence in his New York office, and in 1905 he ordered a set of machines for Skibo Castle as per attached letter:

ANDREW CARNEGIE
2 EAST 91ST ST
NEW YORK

April 18, 1905.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO
NEW YORK.

Dear Sirs :-

Will you kindly ship to Skibo Castle, Sutherland, Scotland, a "Commercial Graphophone" Outfit, identical with that you supplied here, including, of course, the Shaving Machine. Will you kindly have this shipped with as little delay as possible, and much oblige.

Yours respectfully,
JAS. BERTRAM
P. Secretary.

The men who accomplish the most are those who fill to capacity each of the sixty minutes that make the hour; call their day's work the hours necessary for the accomplishment of that work, and put on the snuffers each day for a jolly good time with Molly and the kids.





Sparks from the Manager's Wire

There are some new men in the field. Watch 'em. We expect when they get their stride they'll give some of you fellows a run for your money. They'll prove "comers" even in your fast company.

John Magner, who has been with the company previously in the music line, is now Commercial Manager at St. Louis

Charles Johnson, a well known typewriter salesman in Cincinnati, is our new Commercial Manager there.

George S. Murray, who sold Commercial Graphophone in Seattle, last Summer, is back at the post. If he gets away next Fall we are poor guessers.

Welcome, Brothers.

Harriman asked "Where do I stand?" If Pittsburg asks we'll be glad to answer, "First". When the "smoke" of the June conflict rolls away Pittsburg will be found the victor. Bravo, do it again, Pittsburg. You have a slight advantage. Smoke doesn't faze you. Shame, Chicago and New York. You're Mollycoddles

Walter H. Bedard proves the increasing popularity of the Commercial Graphophone when he says that in Atlanta in one week he received unsolicited trial orders from a large railroad company, a firm of lawyers, and the purchasing agent of a large manufacturing company.

One point that causes a great many business men to hesitate in adopting Commercial Graphophones is the fact that they consider them something new—an experiment. Make liberal use of testimonials, call frequent attention to big firms which have used Graphophones for years, and explain that the Commercial Machine has been in practical use since 1890.

When you open your morning's mail, just cock your feet up on the desk and talk back.

From Across the Pond

The unconvinced man adds zest to business. Recently Mr. — the Editor of — was on the point of purchasing a certain commercial machine—not the Graphophone. Joking surely—we speak the simple truth. Everything failed in this case except persistency—that won. Articles now appear transcribed from the Graphophone and one is in the printer's hands in praise of the machine itself. It was a glorious victory.

Firms with foreign correspondence find the Graphophone invaluable. Mr. —dictates in various continental languages. French, German and Italian clerks transcribe from the cylinders and find welcome relief from stenographic troubles which daily arose. Expressing his thanks one of them said "I'm very fond of Graphophone"—a manifestation to the salesman of "the high perfection of all sweetness."

The great Business Exhibition at Olympia is nearly upon us. "Everything points to a phenomenal success," says the organizer of it. "It should be one of the most notable events in the history of British Commerce," add the press. We are completing our arrangements in the hope that it will be an equally notable event for the Graphophone. Readers of Graphonotes will surely add—"power to your elbow."

The new commercial machine attracts so much attention that we have to live daily by the American maxim of "Keeping everlastingly at it." Thank goodness we know how to "Tell it to the Graphophone."

Andrew Carnegie does not forget to use the Graphophone in this Country. Skibo Castle with all its attractiveness is not complete without it. How is it that so many Americans over here do not do likewise?



Hot Stuff for Hot Weather

Fight as hard this summer as you have during the past winter. Let each month beat the month before. The Summer is a remarkably good time for Commercial business.

Many firms are slack enough to find time to give the Graphophone a thorough test. They are willing in the summer to get ready for their busy season ahead. In time of Peace they prepare for War.

Call attention to the fact that vacations occur now. Make a point of the aid the Graphophones will render in distributing the work so that no one has to do all of another's work. The firm with Commercial Graphophones needn't fear vacation time.

Half holidays on Saturdays and earlier closing week days are easy with the Graphophone. All the business of the office will move with fewer mistakes. There will be no time lost in doing the wrong thing.

Graphophones will enable the boss to clean up his correspondence in a great deal less time than at present, and help him get away early. He can take days off and still get all his work done.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Digest this morsel from Jones of Cleveland.

"Mr. Trask, general agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., with headquarters in Cleveland became interested in the Commercial Graphophone by seeing it in the office of one of his friends. He thought it would be a good idea to get a spring machine and take it to his country home where he spends most of his time in the summer, and there attend to the dictation of his correspondence. In doing this he installed another machine in his office for his operator to transcribe from.

"The original idea was that he should only attend to such correspondence as was urgent in this manner, leaving the rest to be attended to in the regular way at his office. Needless to say after he



used the machine at home for a short while he saw a great white light and now has a complete equipment installed in his offices as well. As a matter of fact it took him exactly ten days from the date of his original purchase to decide that he must have the machines in his office."

If Graphophones are good for Mr. Trask of the Northwestern in Cleveland they should be good for the Northwestern in your city. Look up their representative near you.

If Graphophones are good for Northwestern representatives why won't they do for other life insurance agents?

They will.

Life Insurance men beware. You're our meat.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
UNITED STATES RECLAMATION SERVICE
WASHINGTON

Dear Sir:

I wish to express to you, and thru you to the manager of your St. Louis office, my appreciation of the courtesy shown in furnishing gratis a Columbia Commercial Graphophone for the use of myself and other members of the Inland Waterways Commission on a recent trip down the Mississippi River from St Louis to New Orleans. The machine furnished gave excellent satisfaction and enabled me to handle a large amount of correspondence while en route.

Very truly yours,

F. H. NEWELL

Director.

Our address continues to be printed plainly on the outside cover.



Fifty Per Cent Club

Dear Jim: Yours just received and it's for me to say that you've another guess coming. The size-up doesn't fit me nor does it do you proud, old man. I'm *not* barking for a handout, so forget it. Only trying to steer you right, that's all, for I know what you're up against from my own brain-muddling experience with an overdose of correspondence, clock-watching secretaries and snippy stenographers who'd——work overtime? Not so you would notice it!

About a year ago, you know, I had to travel around a bit among some of the big ones and as my stunt took me inside the Gilded Rail, it was certainly my fault if I slept on the job of seeing things.

The value of minute-clippers, let me tell you, was burned into this head-piece of mine with the properness of a Texas steer. I learned, as never before, that a man's most valuable asset is a comfortable drawing account with Father Time: that those who wear the Success Crown that really fits connect early in their game with the things that allow them to *do* and still have time in which to plan more things to do.

Jimmie, the old stage coach used to be pretty good for those with the price. Railroads knocked 'em. Pen and ink backed out of the A Class when writing machines came in. Stenography threw Long Hand in the game of progress.

But the story was not told by Pitman. Not on your life!



A man, Easton by name, had something to give up, and he has moved the clock farther ahead than any man of his generation with his Commercial Graphophone, the machine that not only gives a man a fourteen hour day in a forenoon, but cuts out of his payroll the lost note book and the pencil sharpening trials of the little lady with the lily white waist.

And Jimmie, old man, this is going some, let me tell you, toward the Fifty per cent saving proposition.

Get wise and get next.

Yours as ever,

BILLY

SAFE DEPOSIT & TRUST CO. OF PITTSBURG

May 25, 1907

MR. R. L. MITCHELL,

Mgr. Pittsburg Office,

Commercial Dept., Columbia Phono. Co.

Dear Sir: -

I am in receipt of your very kind letter of 24th instant and beg to assure you that it is a pleasure to say a good word in favor of the graphophone when opportunity offers. My experience with the machine has been a very satisfactory one and I can therefore recommend it with a clear conscience,

Yours very truly,

Edward E. Duff, *Vice Pres.*

Let us send you a Commercial Graphophone on trial. It saves time, labor, cuts down office expenses, divides up the work of dictation and copying, and is in every way as absolutely essential to the busy man as his office-desk or chair.



Columbia Phonograph Company Gen'l

Sole Sales Agents for the
AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Offices where Commercial Graphophones are Sold

NEW YORK,	Columbia Floor, Tribune Building
CHICAGO,	88 Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA,	1109 Chestnut St.
ST. LOUIS,	908 Olive St.
BOSTON,	164 Tremont St.
BALTIMORE,	231 N. Howard St.
CLEVELAND,	Cor. Euclid Ave. and Erie St.
BUFFALO,	568 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO,	526 McAllister St.
PITTSBURG,	636 Penn Ave.
CINCINNATI,	117-119 W. Fourth St.
NEW ORLEANS,	628-630 Canal St.
DETROIT,	272 Woodward Avenue
MILWAUKEE,	413 Grand Avenue
WASHINGTON,	1212 F. St., N. W.
MONTREAL, QUE.,	374 St. Catherine St., West.
NEWARK,	10 Academy St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO,	107 Yonge St.
LOUISVILLE, KY.,	624 Fourth Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS,	13 Fourth St. South.
INDIANAPOLIS,	48 N. Pennsylvania St.
ST. PAUL,	386 Wabasha St.
KANSAS CITY,	1016 Walnut St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,	111 Main St., East.
DENVER,	505-507 Sixteenth St.
OMAHA,	1621 Farnam St.
LOS ANGELES,	347 S. Main St.
MEMPHIS,	91 South Main St.
SCRANTON,	228 Lackawana Avenue
PORTLAND, ORE.,	371 Washington St.
ATLANTA,	43 Peachtree St.
SEATTLE, WASH.,	1311 First Avenue.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,	986-988 Main St.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.,	25 Church St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,	266 Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY,	327-329 South Main St.
TOLEDO, OHIO,	233 Superior St.
DALLAS, TEXAS,	315 Main St.
WILMINGTON, DEL.,	N. E. Corner 8th and Market Sts.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	

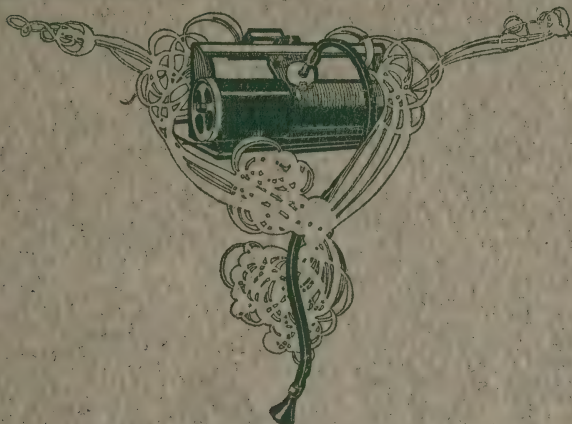
LONDON

89 Great Eastern St. E. C.

64-66 Oxford St. W.

657.03
GR
Stack
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
TULSA

GRAPHONOTES



AUGUST

Published by the Commercial Graphophone Department
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
Graphophone Floor

Tribune Building

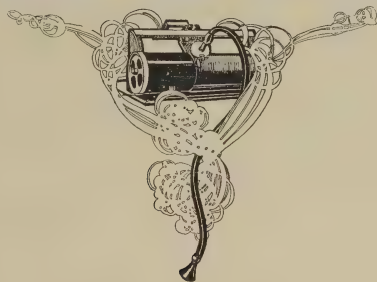
New York City

Volume One

AUGUST 1907

Number Five

GRAPHONOTES



Published by the Commercial Graphophone Dept.
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.
TRIBUNE BUILDING NEW YORK CITY.

Vacate !



H! ye scoffers at rest! Listen to this word for the vacation.

Vacation is all right.

We speak by the book on this matter, for we've just been through one.

Take one yourself. Get out into the country as near the spot where you were born as possible, and—vacate.

That means just what it says. Vacate—get out of yourself and get into the environment and spirit of the boy.

If you have been handing out finely engraved bits of paper to credulous people for eleven months past, vacate and go fishing in the brook through which you used to wade when father sent you after the cows to bring them home. Vacate!

See that old gum tree. Used to shoot flickers off it when you were a kid from behind that cedar. Walk over to it. By jove, there's the spot your shot hit and knocked off the bark.

And say, as I live, over there is the identical pile of stones in which there used to be a nest of yellow-jackets. You *know* they were there because one Fourth of July, you dropped a lighted cracker into the hole to see what happened.

Gee! What sport. You can still recall how you had to run to keep from getting stung.

The old place is changed some, but you do not see the changes. For you there is nothing but what was there when you were a boy.

That's the kind of vacation to take—one that takes you out of yourself.

Do it, we can recommend it with a clear conscience.

And—when you come back, refreshed in body and mind, remember, that if you are to keep young you must

"Tell it to the Graphophone."

Viewpoint --- That's All

It's little things that make us pessimistic,
We bubble up with hatred all supreme;
We face the world in attitude that's fistic,
And swear that life is but a rabid dream.

It's little things that make us optimistic
We wake up in the morning full of joy;
We find the world is good and altruistic,
And every nugget shines without alloy.

Some people think they live by just existing,
They never see the grandeur of the sky;
They spend three-fourths of life in mere encysting,
And then some day they lie in bed and die.

And men there are who live in criticising,
They like to see you wince beneath the blow;
Their chiefest joy on earth is minimizing—
They never see the good things as they go.

And thus we pass in life with dual feelings,
We never try to find things as they are;
While some men try to win by crooked dealings,
Still other hitch their wagons to a star.

Don't aim to go through life by always shoving,
Don't try to push the other man away,
But try sometime, just try to be more loving,
In dealing with your fellows day by day.

—*Humanity.*

Evolution



So many of you have had an unjust prejudice against the Commercial Graphophone that I am taking this opportunity to champion its cause.

I do this, not that it needs a champion, but because *I know* what it will do and believe in it so firmly that I *have* to speak out. The Commercial Graphophone is bound to be the accepted way of handling correspondence. There is a most potent reason for this. The Graphophone is part, in natural sequence, of the Law of Evolution.

Our remote ancestors in the Valley of the Nile carved their thought on stone in cunieforn characters with a mallet and chisel. If a man got down a sentence in a month he was a hustler. Then came the stylus and the papyrus roll. This was a bit faster, but hardly up to the speed of my friend, Frederick Irland. From this crude implement to the quill pen was a long stride and centuries elapsed. The pointed goose feather helped some. Dante wrote his choicest sonnets with it. But then Dante ordinarily took a week to finish an eight-line verse to Beatrice's eyebrow. When the steel pen came on the stage the pace was already increasing and it saw many long and faithful years of service. All honor to the implement that gave to the world the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation! It, too, however, is nearing the exit which leads to oblivion. The law has decreed that it is too slow to meet the demands of the day.

Its successor, the typewriting machine, which writes a million words while our Egyptian friend is carving his single five-word sentence, now has the centre of the stage. Capable of writing 125 words in a minute That's going some! How about it, Old Xerxes, with your slab and chisel? How about

it, Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, with your sharpened goose feather? How about it, shades of Lincoln, who with the stroke of your steel pen struck the shackles from millions of slaves?

Going some? Yes, but not fast enough. The pace is increasing by leaps and bounds. Look out, Mr. Typewriter. A new comer appears on the scene. You want to watch him. He represents the LAW. He is the Commercial Graphophone and he is a wonder for speed. He is making 150 words a minute look like "thirty cents." He has come because he was needed. He is welcome just as you were when you relegated the steel pen to the rear.

This LAW is operative everywhere. It is hard on the individual, but without it there would be no progress.

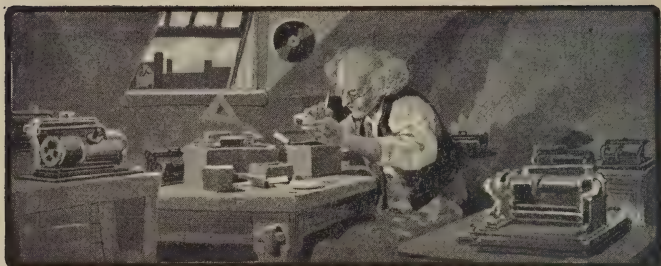
I am a patient man and one who rarely gets angry. My friends will bear me out in this. My disposition and temper are so sunny that the Columbia Phonograph Company can afford to pay me the magnificent salary I am drawing on account of the electric light they save in my office. I recently encountered a lovely stenographer, one of the haughty, high pompadoured ladies, who regard me as their greatest enemy on earth. This fair lady said to me with a curl of her pretty nose: "I won't use your horrid old graphophone, so you needn't bring it in!"

I had heard this some million times before, so that it had not even the charm of novelty. I put my machine down in the corner and drew up a chair by the lady's side and told her about the LAW. I wound up my peroration something like this: "Miss Pompadour, why do you suppose this Company is contemplating spending approximately \$500 for these machines? Not because I look as if I needed the money. Not for a minute. They are handing it out because the machines will save them money. And do you suppose that this great concern will note your opposition or let it influence their business judgment?"

She tossed her head, at the risk of disarranging her pompadour and said she'd never consent. The LAW continued to work, and today two girls with the Commercial Graphophones get out the work that was formerly done by five. One looks in vain, however, for the lady with the large pompadour.

The LAW is still operating.

Care of Machine



HE Graphophone is a machine. Being a machine it differs from a divine creation in that it has no power within itself to renew itself or cure its own ills. The animal and vegetable kingdom, being divine, do this. If a flower droops, or a dog falls sick, a shower or a few days fast generally restores their vigor. With a machine, never.

The human body, the most perfect mechanism in the world is not always in condition to labor with the utmost efficiency. We have to take proper care of ourselves. We have doctors and hospitals, and cults and isms. Since we, who have instinct and education to help us keep well, do not always do so, we can not expect a machine to do any better, nor as well.

Your Graphophone will sometimes go wrong. That's natural. What we want to impress on you is the fact that *you should be the doctor to put it right*. If that is beyond you, you must at least be *the nurse*. Watch your *charge* carefully and call us, the doctor, when anything goes wrong.

We maintain a repair department for this service, and we can attend to your needs promptly.

The Cost of Stenographers

It is a vital question how many millions of dollars are lost to the business world every year through the employment of incompetent stenographers, said John A. Howland, in a recent

issue of the Chicago Tribune. It is a vital question, but the attempt to answer it would be impossible in dollar measures. There are so many and devious ways through which the employer of the incompetent suffers, that no more than a suggestion of what these possibilities of loss are may lead both the employer and the stenographer to stop and consider to their mutual good.

Considering the most efficient of the well paid court stenographers there is a strain upon the eyes, nervous system, and physical body which, in conjunction with mental activities, brings to the hard worker the inevitable effect of milling. Often the eyes fail until the person, still competent for other exactions of his work, must give it up.

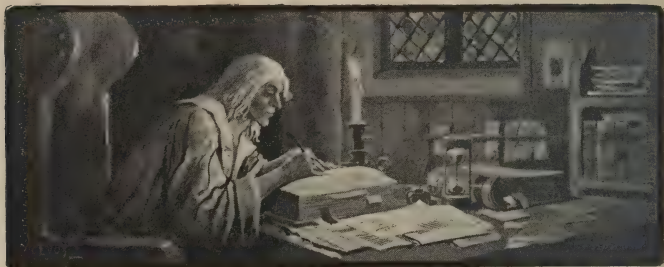
On the other hand, there is the mediocre or poor stenographer, none too certain of reading his own notes as he has taken them, and not at all sure that in his general education and vocabulary he has taken intelligent dictation intelligently and intelligibly. In all probability he should be in school, still grinding. He feels his inefficiency, provided he knows enough. His employer, recognizing it, has made his salary so low as to feel that at least he is getting his money's worth.

In countless ways the incompetent stenographer with the details of a general correspondence may rack the nerves of the man of the nervous disposition. If such a man be of the explosive type, venting his irritations upon the incompetent when he is disturbed again for an interpretation of the notes, the stenographer will take greater chances in rendering his own literal transcriptions. If the nervous employer be the soul of good nature and kindness he will suffer all the more by his representations.

Yet even beyond these possibilities where a man is crowded with correspondence work and other department duties, the likelihood of error creeping into the letter text in serious degree, while his hurry to get the letters into the mail may cause him to overlook it always menaces. Every minute in the business day some establishment somewhere loses a good customer because of a bad stenographer.

There is but one answer to this question: "Tell it to the Graphophone". Our address is plainly printed on the outside cover.

Sparks from the Managers Wire



WRITES Murray of Seattle in a recent letter :
"Slowly, I believe. I am getting able to size up the prospect, weed out the curious, and get to the heart of the proposition with the minimum waste of time. I call this 'applied Psychology.' How do you like the term?"

And again, "I see at every turn, ways of exploiting the Graphophone, and am likely to have perhaps, an excessive amount of enthusiasm—charge it up to that, Mr. Binder."

Do you realize what the Graphophone saves the business man? Thirty minutes a day saved by a \$3,000 a year executive, is three hours a week; 150 hours a year or three weeks time. This means \$180. You can figure it up for yourself what a \$5,000 or a \$10,000 man will save.

By "Telling it to the Graphophone" a busy man can save thirty minutes of the daily time he gives to dictation. The Graphophone records 200 words a minute, a stenographer 80.

Downe of San Francisco reports business a little slow; for the reason that there are half a dozen strikes on in his city including the car lines, and he has to foot it; that's the slow part. In spite of these handicaps, however, and in order to show that there is no hard feeling, he sends us a card showing an \$800 sale.

The Emporia (Kansas) Gazette has discovered that the Commercial Graphophone has at least one signal advantage over its nearest competitor. In a recent issue it says:

"The use of commercial graphophones to which to dictate letters is much superior to a stenographer because the record is made permanent. It is also superior in this: that the man dictating, cannot put his hand under the chin of a graphophone and look into its roguish eyes."

This astuteness is undoubtedly due to the fact that the State of Kansas is grabbing at the Fifty Per Cent. Saver like a hungry fish at a corpulent worm.

Missouri, where they have to be shown, has found that the Commercial Graphophone is all to the good. Three have been installed in the State Institute at Chillicothe.

Manager Tero of the Toronto Office writes that the Commercial Graphophone is making a big hit in his country. Among the recent converts to its use is the Saskatchewan Government. A representative was given a demonstration and left an order on the spot for a Type CAB and a CA, with the cheerful promise that if these machines made good, the entire Governmental Department would be equipped with them. Manager Tero can bank on that order all right.

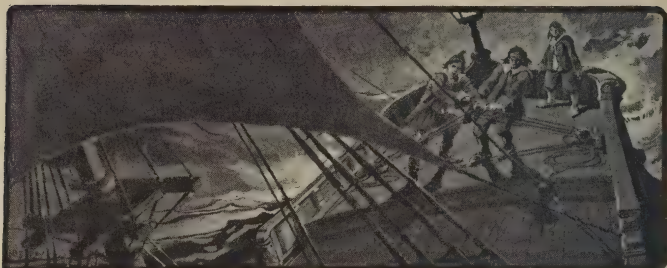
From the same office comes the information that the Department of Dairy and Agriculture of the Alberta Provincial Government has installed a complete set of C and CB machines.

The McAlpin Tobacco Company installed a complete Commercial Graphophone outfit. This concern first tested the machines with a Type C and later installed an alternating current in its building for the purpose of using the Electric Motor Machines. "These machines", says the manager "could not be bought from us for \$500 apiece, if we could not immediately replace them." Pretty good stuff, eh?

In the recent trial of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco, the Commercial Graphophone played an important part, and once again proved its claims for accuracy and speed. All the testimony of this celebrated trial was told to the Graphophone.

Two Commercial Graphophones Types C I B and C I. have been installed in the Paymasters Department at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This is in line with the policy of the Navy Department, Washington having led the way.

The Message from England



SUCCESS was the watchword of The Olympia Business Exhibition held here from July 4th to July 13th. Everywhere this is the verdict regarding the first Business Exhibition in this Country. An astonishingly clever and valuable office appliance is the general verdict upon the Commercial Graphophone.

There was a good deal of speculation as to how the conservative British business man — tradesman, — would take to the idea of an Office Appliance Show. There is none any longer. Already plans are being made for another show next year, on even a more extensive scale. America will be in it and the Commercial Graphophone right in the front rank.

The most extraordinary interest was aroused by the Columbia's Commercial Exhibit. The press seized upon it as typifying the development in time saving office appliances. It became the star which drew keen business men from N. S. E. and W., to spacious Olympia.

What a time the salesman had!

Oh — is this the Commercial Graphophone. I have come from the North to see it. "Tell me all about it — said another from the Provinces — promptly putting the speaking tube to his

ear and asking for dictation to commence. Is this the machine for "bottling business chatter" enquired a laconic individual? A never ending succession of enquirers kept the staff going day after day from 10 to 10. The motto right in front of the stand fixed many like a spell "Why not save that 50%? makes a man feel in his pocket and remember the last bad balance sheet. It had been hinted that the stand 40 feet by 27 foot 6 inches would prove too large, but the charm of the Commercial Graphophone was equal to filling the stand, for again and again it was hardly possible to move.

Said the press,

"The Commercial Graphophone like the motor car has come to stay."

"A great future for it is certain."

"Wherever the typewriter is the Commercial Graphophone will be found."

"It will take your words as fast as they pass your lips and never say "I beg your pardon" or misunderstand you."

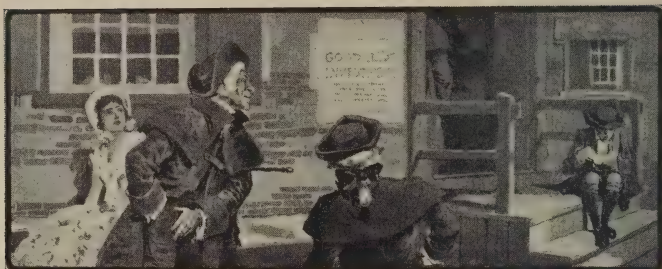
"It speaks for itself."

The public were informed that the king at Buckingham Palace had seen the machine — we hoped this was true but ventured to recollect that sometimes imagination supplies facts.

Representatives from the best Commercial Houses came — saw — and were convinced. Civil servants, authors, professional gentlemen and others found their way to the stand. Sir W. Treloar sent enquiries and Sir Benjamin Franklin called himself.

What the result — machines sold — splendid prospects — piles of work. Picture the Commercial Graphophone staff exhausted but not dismayed setting to work on a big job.

An Opportunity For You



Co-operation and profit sharing are not experimental. The principle is approved by the wisest and best financiers. It has always been the policy of this Company to encourage its workers to acquire and own its securities and to assist them when necessary, by permitting them to make payments out of their earnings. Nearly every man who occupies a position of importance is investing his savings in the Company.

These men have risen from the ranks and each one has had to earn his promotion and prove himself worthy of his present position by earnest, conscientious, persistent endeavor.

We want to extend the co-operative spirit which permeates the enterprise. *We want every employe to be a partner, and to share in the profits in addition to mere salaries and wages.*

We want every man to feel and to act in handling the affairs of the Company the same as he would if he owned the business. *We want our workers to own and control the Company.* To the extent that we do this we increase our strength and power.

You know about your Company. You have seen the business grow and helped to make it. From an investment standpoint where can you get as good a return on your savings as *in your own business?* The business is growing rapidly and you should grow with the Company. You make the business. To you the Company must look for its future success.

William Seward Burroughs

The name of William Seward Burroughs is not as well-known to-day as it will be a hundred years from now.

Like all great men, he was a man of one idea. This idea was to devise and build a machine which should automatically and mechanically list and add a series of numbers. He spent the greater portion of his life in an effort to perfect a machine. He succeeded. And was rewarded by wealth and all that goes with it.

The story of the development of this machine and of the life and the aims of Mr. Burroughs is very interesting; told in a little booklet by Mr. Herbert C. Peters, who is in charge of the New York office of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. What Peters thinks of him is best told in the closing paragraph of the little booklet in question:

"I never knew Burroughs personally—never looked into his eyes or clasped his hand. But, I have studied his work and it has told me what he strove for. I feel I know the man—what he wanted to be, and would have been, but for that handicap—common to us all—of human fears and weakness. He loved Truth—the greatest power this old world has or knows—and we may say that in the years to come when you, friends—and I, may be forgotten, his name will still inspire and his labors still assist some to more fruitful efforts, since they will do their work better than they could if Burroughs had not lived."

Success goes to those who believe in themselves and who work. It comes to those who do not believe in failure; to those who believe in their ability to overcome every obstacle. We are usually just about what we are willing to be.

DON'T be a knocker. Hide your little hammer and speak well of your neighbor. There is no end of fun in minding your own business, but it takes some people a long time to find it out.

DON'T be a clam and keep your mouth shut. Open up and speak cheerful. The world is big and full of good people. Be one of them. Scatter your roses now. Go to bed each night with the thought that you have done some good during the day. Live right and you will die right.

Fifty Per Cent. Club



Dear Jim:—

Hotter than—the Equator, is'nt it? I don't blame you for growling for you are certainly up against it with no chance for a get away. We poor devils who have to hump for bread and butter are beyond the pale if we give work second place in the list of things to do. We simply *have* to keep at it. But just the same—old man—it's up to us to find the Easy Way and those of us who do, are a notch or two ahead in the running.

Mark that down on a level with your eyes. Put it alongside that choice piece of brevity, "Do It Now" that hangs over your desk, and get into the game.

Don't forget that though your grandfather used to skite over the country on horseback, and was pretty lucky to have a horse to skite with, you are reaping a golden harvest of hours saved, because Ben Franklin once flew a kite and one Watts saw a cloud of steam lift the cover off his mothers tea kettle.

That same grandfather used to pluck the wing of the family goose to get his quill for writing letters: you are using the maid and the machine and limit your pen work to your signature.

And yet you're sweating blood these days because you are a few laps behind in the race against your correspondence. You'd like to forget it all for a day or two and get out into the woods somewhere, but you can't for you're tied to the maid and the machine.

Jimmie, I've cut that out, good and proper, and though business with me is all to the good, and jumping every day, I can take a quiet steal away while the sun is boiling eggs, and there's no overdose of Work Not Done to turn my temples gray.

This is the trick: I was in Pittsburg about six months ago, on an errand with Westinghouse, where I saw a man sift through a pile of letters that would choke a horse, and at a clip that made me wonder how I happened to continue in business. He had no bewitching blonde nor woozy-eyed brunette to talk his stuff to. Instead was a quiet little machine that asked no questions: nor told him it was lunch time. It just sawed wood for fair and could'n't be phased by hurrying, heavy words or an occasional rip-snorter of a cussword.

It was the Commercial Graphophone that was doing this ten-man power work, and I lost no time in connecting with headquarters for a full equipment. Did I win? Well Jimmie, just you put on your hat and coat, take a train down here to see me and if I don't convince you that you're a member of the "has-wassers" you can give me the ten count and I'll hand you no back talk.

Lose no time Jimmie, for the sun is hot and getting hotter while the woods put the breath of the pine needles in your lungs and the water in the ocean is fit for the gods.

Drive away dull care with the correspondence plow. Do it now.

Yours with the Easy Way,
Billy.

Really choice stuff is as rare as pearls in oysters. We're always looking for it and quite as ready to pass it around. At a recent convention of the Pen Pushers and Scissorites, in Easton, Pa., some joyful soul threw out these bits of chestiness which were printed on a tag and distributed:

"If somewhere in your moral fabric there is a streak of shoddy—

"If you can't show the whole bolt without palming a certain damaged portion—

"If the true blue is a bit faded in the folds—

"If the merciless moths have put a saw edge on the selvage—

"If your price tag shows a secret shrinkage in valuation—

"If you are posing as the real thing and can't deliver the goods—"

CUT IT OUT!

Columbia Phonograph Company Gen'l

Sole Sales Agents for the

AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Offices where Commercial Graphophones are Sold

NEW YORK,	Columbia Floor, Tribune Building
CHICAGO,	88 Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA,	1109 Chestnut St.
ST. LOUIS,	908 Olive St.
BOSTON,	164 Tremont St.
BALTIMORE,	231 N. Howard St.
CLEVELAND,	Cor. Euclid Ave. and Erie St.
BUFFALO,	568 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO,	526 McAllister St.
PITTSBURG,	636 Penn Ave.
CINCINNATI,	117-119 W. Fourth St.
NEW ORLEANS,	628-630 Canal St.
DETROIT,	242 Woodward Avenue
MILWAUKEE,	413 Grand Avenue
WASHINGTON,	1212 F. St., N. W.
MONTREAL, QUE.,	374 St. Catherine St., West.
NEWARK,	10 Academy St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO,	107 Yonge St.
LOUISVILLE, KY.,	624 Fourth Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS,	13 Fourth St. South.
INDIANAPOLIS,	48 N. Pennsylvania St.
ST. PAUL,	386 Wabasha St.
KANSAS CITY,	1016 Walnut St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,	111 Main St., East.
DENVER,	505-507 Sixteenth St.
OMAHA,	1621 Farnam St.
LOS ANGELES,	347 S. Main St.
MEMPHIS,	91 South Main St.
SCRANTON,	228 Lackawana Avenue
PORTLAND, ORE.,	371 Washington St.
ATLANTA,	43 Peachtree St.
SEATTLE, WASH.,	1311 First Avenue.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,	986-988 Main St.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.,	25 Church St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,	266 Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY,	327-329 South Main St.
TOLEDO, OHIO,	233 Superior St.
DALLAS, TEXAS,	315 Main St.
WILMINGTON, DEL.,	N. E. Corner 8th and Market Sts.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	119 Westminster St.

LONDON

89 Great Eastern St. E. C.

64-66 Oxford St. W

GRAPHONOTES



SEPTEMBER

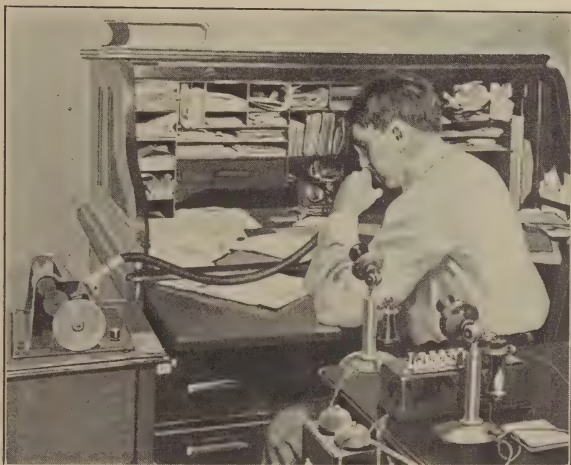
Published by the Commercial Graphophone Department
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
Graphophone Floor
Tribune Building New York City

VOL. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1907

No. 6

Graphonotes



PUBLISHED BY
COMMERCIAL GRAPHOPHONE DEPT.
Columbia Phonograph Company.
TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

GRAPHONOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

Great men are developed thru Necessity.
Give me him who Fears
neither God nor Man,
but Loves both.

—*Peters.*

It is hard for a pessimist to live up to being his natural self right after he has eaten a good meal.

September

Vacation is all right. But it's soon over.
Then back to the daily grind, and buckle down for a long hard year.

The vacation or easier time during the Summer has given us a taste of nature and an opportunity to realize that there is something more to life than business.

We come back with renewed vigor and it is a pity that the grind soon exhausts this. We should take our work easier in order to conserve our strength. But we have never been able to. The Fall and its heavy work has always reduced us to a condition as bad or even worse that it was before we went off to rest.

We can however, take an afternoon off once in a while. We can enjoy some of these glorious Indian Summer afternoons and keep our vitality at its maximum.

We can clear up our correspondence and all dictation in one half the time we now spend on it and devote this time saved in keeping ourselves in the best of shape for our Winter's work, if we will only

"Tell it to the Graphophone."

Our Service

Practically all our Commercial Offices (the list is printed on the last page) have now well-equipped training schools for operators.

It will not only be our plan to train and have ready for positions, transcribers accustomed to the various makes of typewriters, but we will be able to train your present help in its use.

This is only one of the services we—with our own sales depots—can render our customers.

The service is absolutely free.

For every man who can fill an important place there are a half dozen places to be filled. Conversely, for every little place there are a half dozen little men to fill it.

There is a certain amount of fun in loving one's enemy—it worries the enemy.

Graphophone---Telephone

Here's a question.

Could you do business today, in the manner it needs to be done, without a telephone?

NO.

The picture on the title page of this book will interest you.

There are two telephones in it.

There is also a Graphophone.

The one is just as indispensable as the other.

Both fill the same function.

They enable one to get the thing done—NOW.

The place of business these days, is too stiff to burden your mind with mental notes of things you want to do at some future time. In business, there is no future time.

The time to do things is NOW.

The Graphophone, like the telephone, is Johnny on the spot for this kind of work.

Jones calls you on the telephone. You talk to him. Ordinarily you would carry in your mind the details of the conversation.

With the Graphophone you turn to it and recite to it these details.

These are later turned over to you in the shape of a neatly typed memo which you file with the rest of Jones's correspondence.

The Graphophone saves your grey matter. It enables you to get the thing done and done right.

Graphophone—Telephone, the one as indispensable as the other.

Selah!

Boosting is better
than boasting.



The Linophone

REPRODUCED here is an illustration of the Linophone—a combination of the Commercial Graphophone and the Linotype, as used in the mechanical department of *The Automobile Owner* of England.

Commenting on its value the owners say:

“A great part of the editorial portion of this paper has been produced without a word having been put on paper. To the best of our knowledge no printed matter has ever been set, certainly not in this country, that has not first been written.

“Our innovation has been brought about by the use of Graphophones. For some time past we have been using these machines in connection with the typewriter, the matter being dictated directly into the wax cylinders at odd moments and then handed on to the

“Are you in earnest?
Seize this very minute
what you can do, or
think you can. Begin
it!”

GRAPHONOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

The time to fly kites
is when the wind blows.
Be ready for the
breeze.

Half the victories of
this life come from
knowing when to strike.

typist to transcribe. In this way it is found we can keep our typists continually employed and save the time occupied in dictation. This saving is approximately about two hours in three.

"This success suggested to us the possibility of applying the Graphophone to the linotype machine, and we approached the Columbia Phonograph Company to co-operate with us in carrying out the undertaking. There was some slight difficulty at first in accustoming the operators to the sound of the voice, but it soon passed, and during the last month we have had Columbia Graphophones connected directly to three of the linotype machines at the works of our printers, Messrs. Polsue, Ltd. These notes and certain other portions of the paper are the results.

"For the sake of those of our readers who are not acquainted with the system, we may explain that the Graphophones are driven off the ordinary electric-lighting circuit. The words are spoken through a short speaking tube into the recorder of the machine, the recorder having a cutting sapphire blade which produces the vibration upon specially long wax cylinders.

"Each cylinder will take about one thousand words on the surface, and can be shaved approximately eighty times. The cost of the cylinder is eighteen-pence—not very expensive for its capacity of eighty thousand words! In fact, it is considerably cheaper than paper if the latter is to be used for fairly bold writing. The machines have a pneumatic device attached, by means of which the cylinder only travels while the operator is actually speaking, so that there is no waste."

A tactful man can pull the stinger from the bee without getting stung.

A good salesman is like a good cook: he can create an appetite when the buyer isn't hungry.

The Message from England

"It is really a wonderfully clever machine.

I'm sure the Commercial Graphophone would be extremely valuable to me if——A plague on those "ifs!"——Is there a wise man anywhere in the wide world who can provide an instantaneous "if" cure. His address is wanted at the London Office, Commercial Department. Our prescription is "persistent patience."

Since the Olympia Business Exhibition it has been with us a case of "going on" or "going under." "When are you sending us those machines?" "Tell one of your men to call at once." "I have got a heavy job on and must have the help of the Graphophone." Talk about the "strength of ten." Just now the Commercial Graphophone salesmen need to be "stronger than the strong."

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P. under Secretary for the Colonies believes in the Commercial Graphophone and has ordered an outfit.

Here's a bit from *The Weekly Despatch* of London, that tells in good English the story of the Graphophone at the Olympia Exhibition:

"At another spot in the exhibition a man, sitting at a business-desk, was observed swiftly dictating letters into what looked like a speaking-tube. In a little square box near his elbow a wheel was revolving silently by means of clockwork. He had dictated thirty letters when he took a wax cylinder a few inches long from the machine and handed it to a lady typist.

Fastening it to a machine at her own desk she fixed spring telephone receivers to her ears and proceeded to type the words it threw out at her. She had her foot on an india rubber bulb, and from time to time she pressed it to check the rapid flow of words from the revolving cylinder."

GRAPHONOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

To be a success, stick like a binnacle to a boat's bottom.

"I've seen a ten-cent shave and a five-cent shine land a thousand dollar job. And I've seen a cigarette and a cold bottle knock the bottom out of a million-dollar pork corner."

"It won't suit me" says one—"Simply splendid." says another. "I would not be without it." This is the way the cause grows. At present the band of Commercial Graphophone Users is of but moderate proportions—but the army will arrive.

Since our last word to Graphonotes a record has been made. In one month the total sales since January 1st has been increased by 50 per cent. Excelsior!

The Message Carrier

The Commercial Graphophone has for a long time been made the bearer of business messages from one man to another.

A new use for it has recently been discovered. Mr. J. B. Coffin, of Bayonne, New Jersey, is a broker who travels extensively. When Mr. Coffin is at his office he uses a Commercial Graphophone to transact his business. The habit of dictating his letters has grown upon him to such a degree that when he is away on his trips he goes into the nearest Columbia store and dictates letters to Mrs. Coffin on a cylinder which is then mailed to her.

When the cylinder reaches its destination Mrs. Coffin hastens to the nearest Columbia Office, has it reproduced and listens to the spoken message from her husband.

This novel method of correspondence has so impressed Mrs. Coffin that she is thinking seriously of having installed in her home a type C. Graphophone so that she may listen repeatedly to the message which comes to her over a distance of thousands of miles.

One lie breeds enough distrust to choke out the prettiest crop of confidence that a fellow ever cultivated.

A fellow who can't take orders, can't give them.

Sparks from the Managers Wire

AMONG the managers who have visited headquarters during the past month have been, Regan of New Orleans, Souders of Dallas, Silverstein of Louisville, Criffith of Birmingham, McMurty of Pittsburg.

Fine fellows all. We have enjoyed our talks with you. We feel that we know you better; that you know us better. It is another block in the upbuilding of our "Esprit du corps."

As we promised, Munay of Seattle is to stay with us. He's now one of the Elect. If you look up the standing of the officers for July, and then find Seattle—you'll know why.

F. W. Downe, our San Francisco Commercial Manager, has been appointed local manager of the San Francisco Office.

While a successor will have to be chosen to take the field in that city, Mr. Downe in his more responsible position will maintain supervision of the Commercial work.

This is a letter from T. B. Stevens & Company, Importers and Exporters of Havana, Cuba. It is dated August sixth and addressed to the Export Department, Columbia Phonograph Company.
Gentlemen:

"We have duly received your shipment of two Commercial Graphophones together with the shaving machine and so forth and find everything in good condition. As the machine is running nicely and doing first class work we are very much pleased with it."

Manager Langsford, of the Boston office, writes: "Mr. William H. Doty, one of the proprietors and the general manager of the McLean, Black Co., of

GRAPHONOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

Self-mastery is self-surrender to an ideal.

You can rarely induce another man to do right by joining him in that which is wrong.

Boston uses the Graphophone entirely in his correspondence department. He dictates from 8.30 a.m. until 6 o'clock p.m., and not infrequently, when the mail is unusually heavy, he may be found dictating until 9 or 10 o'clock p.m. Mr. Doty dictates a great many more letters to the Graphophone in a given time than it was possible to give to stenographers, being therefore, in touch by mail with more of the customers because of his increased capacity for giving personal attention to twenty-five per cent. more letters than formerly. This progressive concern now uses five Graphophones. Others will be added as the correspondence increases."

88 Wabash Avenue,

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 16, 1907.

Mr. J. W. Binder, Mgr.,

Commercial Graphophone Department.

Dear Mr. Binder:

The Chicago Office, and all of our regular patrons, look forward each month with a great deal of pleasure and anticipation to the day upon which the breezy, stimulating, inspiring and excellently arranged little booklet "Graphonotes" puts in an appearance.

To sum the subject up in a nut-shell, it is a "CORKER," and I want to state right here, as a "CORKER," in my opinion, it will assist very materially in "*BOTTLING up old fogieism, conservatism, and antiquated methods of handling correspondence by the aid of shorthand.*" In this connection I want to say, that I firmly believe that the business man of to-day will look back a few years from now, to laugh and wonder how in the world he ever got along without the "Ever ready, Uncomplaining Mechanical Amanuensis, the Commercial Graphophone," always at his elbow, night or day. While we are on that subject, I want to state that this very "Line of Talk" is being photographed upon a wax cylinder at 10.30 o'clock at night at my home, along with about thirty other letters, that I have been unable to dictate during the day. These cylinders will be placed in a neat little carrying

GRAPHONOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

You cannot understand much about a man's character unless you see him at his usual employments.

The world is waiting for your drudgery ; it can do its own dreaming.

case, which I will place upon the desk of my Graphophone operator in the morning. While she is transcribing same, I expect to be out of the office during the best part of the day attending to other matters. This article will have been transcribed, together with the letters referred to, during my absence, thereby effecting a very substantial saving in time, both on the part of myself and my operator. And so the good work goes on.

In conclusion I want to say, that Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, and Mr. Tainter, were truly inspired when they perfected the Columbia Graphophone, and with the assistance of Mr. McDonald, Factory Manager, gave to the business world this truly wonderful time-saving, office appliance.

Yours very truly,
W. W. Parsons.

From Olympia, Washington, come good tidings of the Commercial Graphophone. Some genuine "hustling" is to be seen in the offices of the railroad commission these days, in obedience to orders given by the commission to Acting Secretary Lysons to hurry along a transcript of the testimony in the joint wheat-rate case, which was concluded a few days ago. The commission found that a satisfactory order could not be made in the case until all of the members of the commission had a further opportunity to examine the testimony.

The stenographers had about 150,000 words of testimony to be transcribed, and in the ordinary course of office work this would require about six weeks' time. Time is a great essential in this case. The commission accordingly directed the installation of three Graphophones. The machines are the latest thing in that line, and are run by electricity.

The two stenographers who took the testimony have begun the work of dictating it into the graphophones, and a force of typewriter operators are at the work of transcribing it. There will be no let-up with the work from now on until it is completed, and every effort will be made to have the complete transcript within ten days.

Victories are like fish; you can't bring them up to be caught, but you must go where they are to get them.

To accomplish the end sought by the means employed is success; a thing succeeds that does what it was meant to do.

Knockers and Kickers

H. C. PETERS

DON'T KNOCK. Train your mind to think fairly, and your tongue to speak well, of your associates. No one admires a Knocker, nor trusts nor respects him. Put away the Handy Hammer and cultivate the Manly Art of Minding Your Own Business. It pays—and sometimes prevents you making a Holy Show of yourself.



Knockers and Kickers are often confused, but they are as different as a Plain Dog and the Thoroughbred. The Knocker is always a Mongrel—the Kicker shows his breeding. The Knocker complains—the Kicker combats, and suggests a Remedy. That's the difference.



Knockers are Flat Wheels on the Car of Progress, vexing passengers and pedestrians alike. Kickers are Motive Powers, hustling things along in spite of The Pounding Noise, landing the car at its destination, and the Knocker at His.



A Knocker recalls to mind the Stone Bruise of boyhood's days, not at all dangerous, just Annoyingly

GRAPHONOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

Stumbling-blocks are
stepping-stones.

Afflictive. Himself with the Hammer goes around pecking at people and prospects. He dents and defaces, but never destroys, because he isn't a Heavy Hitter. Pounding his pretty fingers makes him Peevish, and his advances for sympathy are met with a Swift Kick. His Own Little World is soon all Marred and Maddened, and when asking for Bread he receives a Brick.



The Best Jobs in the Country are held by Kickers. That's why they get them. They see when and where things go wrong and know how to hustle and help. Inefficiency irritates them, but they don't always Think Out Loud. A private Interview with a Boss Kicker parallels all the tender memories of a surgeon's lancet thrust into the Quivering Flesh—gad! how it bites and stings; but how welcome the relief, and how resigned we are, knowing it's for the best.



Misfortune is often
Miss Fortune.

It's the Man with the Intelligent kick who scores his Point. He works true to himself and his impulses, neither fearing Blame nor currying Favor, seeking neither Reward nor Approbation, confident these will follow Successful Effort.

GRAPHONOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

Thought is a master
builder.

Win

When business is quiet and sales are but few,
And folks act as ugly as sin,
Remember, my boy, it won't pay to get blue,
Keep pounding away till you win.



When a customer tells you your goods are no use,
And an argument tries to begin:
Remember that nothing is gained by abuse:
Be a gentleman still, and you'll win.



When confronted you are by some horrible bluff,
Or excuse that seems awfully thin:
Be polite above all things, perhaps it seems rough,
But politeness is certain to win.



Keep a little ahead of
progress.

And always remember, wherever you are,
Bear in mind that through thick and through thin,
That honey is sweeter than vinegar far:
Have this for your motto, and win.—*Exchange.*

A handicap ought to be a boost.

Money being the root of all evil is probably the reason we have to "dig" for it.

Girls, Prepare Yourselfes

UNDER the caption, "The Country Girl in the City," May C. Moore, in the *The New York Press*, paints a strong picture of the pitfalls and disappointments that become the lot of the ordinary country girl whose ambition sends her into the Bigger World to "amount to something."

In her warning to these girls—and it's good and wholesome—Miss Moore writes:

"You may be exceedingly willing, you may be industrious, you may have perfect health, but all of this will avail you little if you are not *skilled in some particular branch that will raise your work above the level of the army of incompetents constantly seeking positions in large cities.* You must learn to do something useful and learn to do it so well that the world will gladly pay you for doing it.

"If you are a typist familiarize yourself with the Graphophone. These machines are now coming into general use. Many business men prefer to do their dictating into the machine during the early morning hours, leaving the transcription to be done later in the day. The agencies handling these machines are more than willing to gratuitously instruct stenographers in their use. Being able to take dictation from a Graphophone will add many dollars each month to your salary."

As we have stated elsewhere in this issue, practically all our offices have well equipped training schools for operators.

How to play the Game

Says one of the heavyweights on the staff of the *New York American*:

"All sorts of men who have succeeded in all sorts of ways are asked for rules that will insure success in the world, and they give all sorts of answers. Here

That success which is not built upon truth is only a successful failure.

are three rules laid down by a baseball pitcher, Cy Young, who has been a big leaguer for seventeen years :

“ ‘Live a temperate life.

“ ‘Render faithful service to your employers.

“ ‘Play the game for all you are worth at all times.’

“ ‘Pretty good rules for a young baseball player to follow—pretty good rules for any young man to follow. Sooner or later success is bound to come to the man who is temperate and plays the game for all he is worth.’”

Let this sink in. It's good tonic to take before and after meals. It's a splendid night-cap and a bang-up eye-opener.

Graphophone as an aid to Shorthand

THE possibilities of the Commercial Graphophone are hardly realized as yet. Almost daily we hear of some new use to which the machines have been successfully put.

Many of the large business colleges of the country use the Graphophone as an aid in acquiring speed in shorthand. The following, however, tells of an experienced shorthand writer who is increasing his ability to write. It is from Mr. H. H. Ford, of the Engineer's office of the War Department:

“There is no doubt in the world that the continual use of a good graphophone like the one I use in practicing for speed in shorthand, will result in much good. In fact, if I had a boy and wanted him to learn shorthand, the first thing I would do would be to buy him a Graphophone and tell him to run the wheels off of it. So many stenographers fail to get down the principles thoroughly. My speed has increased 25 per cent. I know, since I commenced to use it. And while I was not like some of the young men without anyone to support and had some difficulty in paying for my machine, I find it has paid me to spend that much money. I have more opportunities to-day than I ever had before.”

Columbia Phonograph Company Gen'l

Sole Sales Agents for the

AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Offices where Commercial Graphophones are Sold

NEW YORK,	Columbia Floor, Tribune Building
CHICAGO,	88 Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA,	1109 Chestnut St.
ST. LOUIS,	908 Olive St.
BOSTON,	164 Tremont St.
BALTIMORE,	222 West Lexington St.
CLEVELAND,	Cor. Euclid Ave. and Erie St.
BUFFALO,	568 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO,	526 McAllister St.
PITTSBURG,	636 Penn Ave.
CINCINNATI,	117-119 W. Fourth St.
NEW ORLEANS,	628-630 Canal St.
DETROIT,	242 Woodward Avenue
MILWAUKEE,	413 Grand Avenue
WASHINGTON,	1212 F. St., N. W.
MONTREAL, QUE.,	374 St. Catherine St., West.
NEWARK,	10 Academy St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO,	107 Yonge St.
LOUISVILLE, KY.,	624 Fourth Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS,	13 Fourth St. South.
INDIANAPOLIS,	48 N. Pennsylvania St.
ST. PAUL,	386 Wabasha St.
KANSAS CITY,	1016 Walnut St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,	111 Main St., East.
DENVER,	505-507 Sixteenth St.
OMAHA,	1621 Farnam St.
LOS ANGELES,	347 S. Main St.
MEMPHIS,	91 South Main St.
SCRANTON,	228 Lackawana Avenue
PORTLAND, ORE.,	371 Washington St.
ATLANTA,	32 Whitehall St.
SEATTLE, WASH.,	1311 First Avenue.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,	986-988 Main St.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.,	25 Church St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,	266 Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY,	327-329 South Main St.
TOLEDO, OHIO,	233 Superior St.
DALLAS, TEXAS,	315 Main St.
WILMINGTON, DEL.,	N.E. Corner 8th and Market Sts.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	119 Westminster St.

LONDON

89 Great Eastern St. E. C.

64-66 Oxford St. W

